

The Listener

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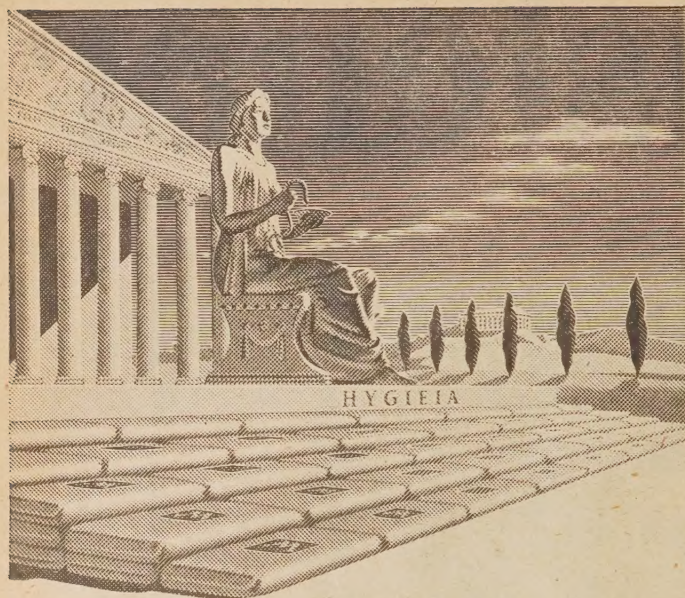
Lent by the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool
'The Black Hat', by Matthew Smith: from the exhibition of his work now at the Tate Gallery (see page 432)

In this number:

Persia and the Challenge of the Middle East (Richard Goold-Adams)

Radio Industry on Show (John H. Dunning)

The Art and Architecture of India (E. M. Forster)



Steps to hygiene...

The Greeks worshipped Hygieia as the goddess of health. We do not worship hygiene but we practise it more and more, and the importance of food cleanliness is being increasingly recognised. Here a vital part is played by paper. Paper bags, paper wrappings and for bulk deliveries the multi-wall paper sack, protecting its contents from contamination as no other sack can. The Medway multi-wall sack is ideal for the packaging of sugar, flour and all sorts of human food and animal feeding stuffs. It is tough, resilient, sift-proof and resistant to moisture. It is indeed a revolution in hygienic packing and a typical example of the way in which the Reed Paper Group—with its great resources for the development and manufacture of paper products—is continually seeking to contribute better products to serve the nation's daily needs.

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A B.O.A.C. Photograph

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The Listener

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Persia and the Challenge of the Middle East

By RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

RECENT events in Persia have once more focused attention on the Middle East, and I want here to consider these Persian developments in the context of British, American, and Russian policies in the Middle East as a whole. But, in order to do so, I think we must first go back behind the dramatic events which brought General Zahedi to power. During the early months of Dr. Moussadeq's regime, just over two years ago, we and the Americans were very much divided in our views about this cunning and weeping old man. After the closing down of the oil fields and the loss of the great refinery at Abadan, the early British view came to be that we would never manage to do business with Dr. Moussadeq and that our best hope lay in whoever succeeded him. The original American view, on the other hand, might be summed up by saying *après Moussadeq le déluge*—that unless the British did come to terms with him, they would never get another chance; that after Moussadeq, Persia would either break up in chaos or go communist.

Latterly, however, the British and Americans had come much closer together in their assessment of the Persian situation. American disgust with Moussadeq had increased, while the British had become almost resigned to writing off the Persian situation altogether; it is a remarkable fact that the loss of Persian oil supplies, both crude and refined, has virtually been made good from elsewhere, so that, if Persian oil did again become available in its former quantities, one of the main problems would be to make room for it in world markets at all. All this is not to deny that the loss of the huge Anglo-Iranian investment in Persia hit the British balance of payments pretty hard, or that the Americans at first disagreed with us largely because they were really only thinking about the communist menace—it was later that they came round

to supporting us when the American oil companies saw that their turn for expropriation in Saudi Arabia might come next. But what I want to emphasise is this. In the period immediately before the arrest of Dr. Moussadeq, British and American policy had in the end become linked and allied in Persia as nowhere else in the Middle East. Through the force of harsh experience and direct national concern, we had gradually come together in our approach to the Persian problem. And that is something which is very important to the Middle East as a whole.

Dr. Moussadeq has gone, and in a sense the original British and American views will now be put to the test. As to an oil settlement, I doubt if anything will happen very quickly, though the Persians do now realise that they need to get the oil moving again. General—now Field-Marshal—Zahedi, the new Persian Prime Minister, has not in the past been any friend of this country. Nor could any government in Teheran undo in a night the effects of all the violently anti-British propaganda of the last two years. Indeed, the first step will be to renew diplomatic relations at all. And the Field-Marshal has made it clear that even this will not happen yet. As to relations with Russia, the traditional Persian tactic has been to play the British off against the Russians and *vice versa*; and Field-Marshal Zahedi, for the moment at any rate, has apparently decided to continue certain economic and frontier negotiations already in train with Moscow. The fact is that the Zahedi Government is not yet strong enough to move without caution. Its first task is to concentrate on much needed land reform; and it is confronted, as the Shah has said, with an empty treasury and a very difficult economic situation. Nor does this Persian regime appear to be endowed with talent comparable with that of the devoted band of patriotic young officers in the Council of the

Revolution who brought General Neguib to power in Egypt last year. Moreover, the communist Tudeh Party is still very strong, and, unlike the Wafd in Egypt, has powerful patrons only just across the frontier, in Russia.

When I was in the United States a few months ago, many Americans asked me why Britain had not been able to come to terms with Persia over the oil. I used to answer that in the end we had always bogged down over the question of compensation for loss of rights, for cancellation, that is, of the oil concession which legally still has many years to run. Agreement about the employment of a few British technicians as part of an international team, or arbitration, say, by The Hague Court on compensation for actual buildings, equipment, and stock, occasionally looked conceivable even under Dr. Moussadeq. But on the principle of no compensation for loss of the oil concession he would never budge an inch—and nor could we, since to do so would in effect be to surrender our whole case.

Will the Oil Talks be Reopened?

What of the ultimate chances of doing a deal with the new Persian Government? There are three things to keep in mind. First, Field-Marshal Zahedi and his supporters represent an essentially national movement, first by the people against Moussadeq's abuse of power, and then, even more important, as a reaction by the army against his increasing drift towards being caught in the knot which the Russians were undoubtedly tightening around him. Thus, if the new Government does eventually reopen the oil talks, it will certainly bargain very hard indeed. Secondly, from our point of view, it will nevertheless now pay us to concede more and to ask less than it did when dealing with Dr. Moussadeq. No one seriously supposes that the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company could, or indeed should, resume its former role in Persian national life. We must now accept the principle of Persian oil nationalisation. The task is not, therefore, to try to restore our former position, so much as to use our bargaining power to win Persia back into good relations with the west. This does not mean, on the other hand, that we can afford to throw away our right at least to arbitration on the basic question of compensation for loss of the oil concession.

Lastly—and here I return to what I regard as fundamental in this whole operation—our position will be much stronger if we can act in concert with the Americans. We simply cannot afford to frame our policy without trying very hard indeed to keep theirs and ours in line. But it is not going to be easy. We are already faced, for instance, with the problem of the Shah's urgent need for economic aid. The Americans are inclined to help him: they are now to give Persia \$23,000,000 this year, plus some military aid*. Obviously it is worth backing the new Government as an alternative to Dr. Moussadeq's violent obstructionism. Indeed, London and Washington have already exchanged ideas about the terms on which aid might be given. But how far can and should the west go, so long as the oil dispute remains unsettled? On the way this vital question is answered may depend the power of the west as a whole to throw its influence on the side of law and stability, not only in Persia but in the rest of the Middle East as well.

Taking the area in general, that influence has been singularly weak during the past few years, in part because the Americans, who ruined their cause with the Arabs by backing Israel, have been on a somewhat different side of the fence from the British. In part it has also been because the Middle East has not so far conformed to the modern pattern of Great Power politics, like Europe or eastern and southern Asia. The Middle East, that is, has not as a whole become a major battleground between Russian-directed communism and opposing American pressure; it has not yet become an apparent area of decision in the cold war. When I sometimes wonder why this should be so, I cannot help feeling that it may largely be because that is the way the Russians have wanted it. Two possible reasons for such a Russian attitude could

be the desire not to promote more American infiltration so near the Soviet Union's own southern frontiers, or the simple fact that communist parties in Arab Islamic countries have so far been relatively unsuccessful in exploiting discontent, in spite of the crushing poverty, the widespread corruption, and the immense gulf between rich and poor. But, whatever the reasons for Russia's passive behaviour, the result has hitherto been to exaggerate the traditional importance of Britain in the area and to leave America a relatively disinterested spectator.

But now the situation may be changing. On the Russian side, it was notable that Persia was the first foreign country which Malenkov referred to in his recent review of policy to the Supreme Soviet—Persia, followed by its two neighbours, Afghanistan and Turkey. Turkey, in fact, has lately been the butt of fresh Russian threats over the Straits, combined with an attitude of appeasement in Moscow's abandonment of its claims to the eastern districts of Kars and Ardahan. Again, further evidence of some shift of Russian Middle East policy under Malenkov and Molotov has been the reopening of diplomatic relations with Israel—accompanied by painstaking reassurances to the Arabs. Is the new regime in Moscow going to play a more active rôle in the Middle East than Stalin did? I do not know. But it is worth keeping an eye open for some such move. On the American side, there has lately been a fresh understanding of the importance of the Middle East, and a new willingness to do something about it.

The personal visit last May of the Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, was without precedent. The Americans, for all their vast power, used to hope that, however much we might urge them to play a more active rôle in the Middle East, they would not have to over-extend themselves by getting involved in what they regarded, after all, as an area in which British influence was strong and successful. But now they feel, I think, that the former British rôle in Palestine, the Persian oil dispute, the bitter and still unresolved clash with Egypt over the Suez Canal, and, by no means least, the decline in Britain's economic ability to support a world-wide policy—emphasised again in the Douglas Report to President Eisenhower—have all contributed to a fundamental weakening of the British position in the Middle East. In addition, the Americans not only have their own growing oil interests, but the eastward extension of Nato to Greece and Turkey has greatly encouraged their desire to see the development of some form of Middle East defence organisation, linked to Nato and so to the real springs of western power, the arsenals of democracy in the United States.

American Idealism

Any sort of Middle East defence organisation has so far foundered on the rock of our dispute with Egypt, and we in turn have been distressed at the way the Americans have used their influence in Cairo to encourage false Egyptian hopes that we would yield. But—this is the main point, and I make no apology for coming back to it—it is vital to all who are concerned with the future of the Middle East that American interest, prestige, and influence in that area should grow. As I have said, we had gradually come to see eye to eye with the Americans over the Persia of Dr. Moussadeq. The new situation is undoubtedly going to put this mutual understanding to a severe test. The Americans sometimes seem to approach their problems from a more idealistic and less experienced point of view than we do; they are extremely sensitive to the possibility of communism; and they will never support our policy just because it is ours.

Yet the recent identity of approach to Persia must be continued, and be extended to other aspects of Middle East affairs, if the security of this great strategic area is to be preserved. To my mind, we must regard this new situation in Persia, and the deadlock over the Suez Canal, as just the kind of challenge and opportunity through which alone a joint Anglo-American policy can be hammered out.—*Home Service*

* The talk was broadcast on September 1. Since then the United States Government has granted a further \$45,000,000 to Persia

Radio Industry on Show

By JOHN H. DUNNING

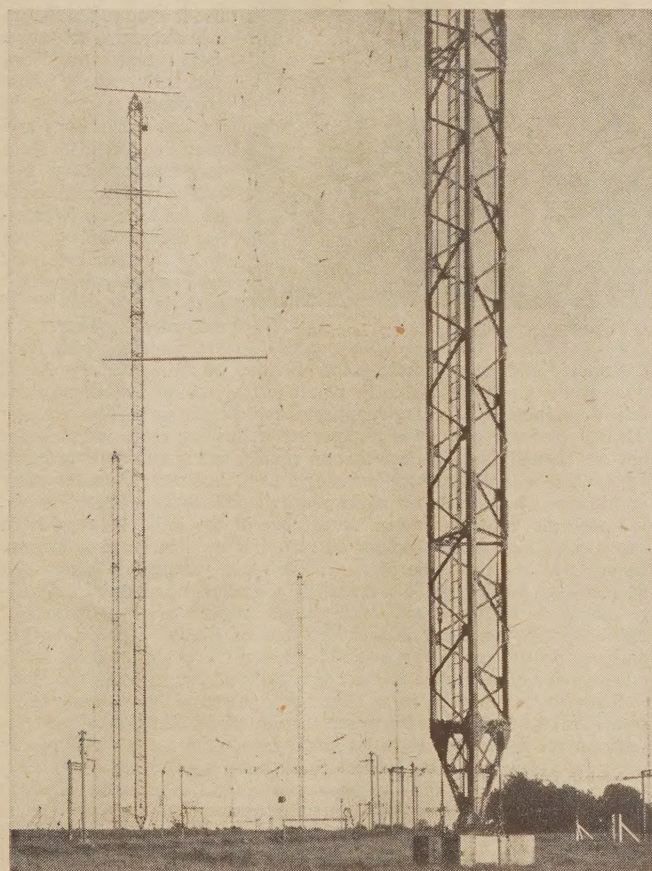
THIS year's National Radio and Television Exhibition at Earls Court is staged as usual by the Radio Industry Council, and is the twentieth of its kind since the first exhibition was held early in the nineteen-twenties. Before the war the exhibition confined itself to a display of domestic radio and television equipment, but nowadays all branches of the industry are fully represented—as well they deserve to be. Radar and navigational aid apparatus, a wide variety of industrial, medical, and business electronic devices, transmitting and studio gear as used in our most modern sound and television stations, samples of radio equipment from the Army and Royal Air Force—these are just a few of the items being displayed at this year's show, apart from the latest domestic radio and television receivers.

As I walked round the show and spoke to some of the manufacturers, the two things that impressed me most about it all were, first, the fact that the whole of this wide variety of equipment was being produced within a single industry, and often by the same firms; and, second, the large number of wants—often quite different in character—that the products of this industry were helping to satisfy. Hospitals, factories,



The radio station at Glace Bay, Canada, from which, in 1902, the first transatlantic wireless messages were sent

From 'Wireless over Thirty Years', by R. N. Vyvyan (Routledge)



The B.B.C. short-wave transmitting station at Skelton, near Penrith, Cumberland: some of the fifty-two aerial arrays over which B.B.C. programmes are broadcast to all parts of the world

schools and offices, as well as private homes, all may well have cause to be thankful for one or more of the products of the radio industry. The marine biologist, the mountaineer and explorer, the sea captain, the international statesman—all have had their lives made easier or more pleasant by the invention of wireless. Quickness and safety in travel, the curing of illness and disease, the spreading of knowledge and a closer understanding of international problems: these are illustrations of a few of the wants that radio is helping to satisfy. All this apart from its incalculable value in times of war.

The history of the British radio industry falls into three clearly defined stages. Although regular public broadcast transmissions did not start in this country until 1922, the origins of the wireless industry go back much further than this: in fact to 1896, when Guglielmo Marconi, a young Italian of Scottish and Irish ancestry, came over to this country and took out the first patent ever granted for a wireless invention. A year later the first wireless company was formed. One of the earliest applications of this new discovery was in the field of marine communications. 'A great and valuable acquisition for shipping and lighthouse purposes' was how the Chief Engineer of the G.P.O. described wireless at the time. Certainly before the coming of radio there were no means of communication between ships at sea and the shore, once a ship had dropped below the horizon. Already by the turn of the century the Royal Navy had fitted up a number of their warships with wireless. Merchant vessels and ocean liners were quick to follow this example, and before long the value of radio communication at sea had been proved time and time again, not least by the number of lives saved after shipwreck.

It was during this first phase, too, that the foundations of our present system of world communications was built up. The first wireless station was opened at the Needles on the Isle of Wight in 1897, and a message transmitted to Bournemouth fourteen miles away. As more powerful stations were constructed, the range of transmission increased and two years later a message was sent across the English Channel. In 1901 the Atlantic was spanned, and by the outbreak of the first world war the way had been cleared for a world communications system and a closer understanding between the nations of the world.

The second phase of development covers the period between the wars and is essentially the story of the remarkable growth of broadcasting in this country, though I must hasten to add that this was also a time of great technical advance for the industrial and com-

munications sections of the industry. During this time the radio industry completely changed its character. It ceased being a small handful of highly specialist producers manufacturing marine radio and communications equipment, and became instead a collection of firms of varying sizes, almost all limiting themselves to the manufacture and assembly of domestic radio apparatus. By 1935, over 7,500,000 radio licences had been issued: 1,500,000 sets were being turned out every year, and all but one-twentieth of the entire output of the industry consisted of broadcast receiving apparatus. And only fifteen years previously the broadcast of Dame Nellie Melba from Writtle had been officially frowned upon as 'a frivolous use of the ether'. By the end of this period, television transmissions had started from Alexandra Palace, and the radio industry was looking forward to a repetition of the prosperous years it had just passed through.

September, 1939, marks the start of the third and present stage of the radio industry's development. The well-known saying that 'there is some good in every evil' is well borne out by the experiences of the radio industry. For in both world wars, the industry's development received a powerful stimulus, and much of the valuable experience gained has been put to good use in times of peace. During the recent war, the radio industry switched over almost entirely from domestic production to the manufacture of radio equipment for the armed forces. With every ship, aircraft, and tank requiring the most modern radio apparatus, the industry grew to an unprecedented size. By 1945, more than 250,000 people were being employed, a large proportion of these being women and girls.

With the return of peace, the prospects of the industry appeared exceedingly bright. There was a vast backlog of demand for domestic radio sets waiting to be met both at home and abroad and the television market was still virtually untapped. As a result of the knowledge gained in war time, particularly in the field of radio-location, the opportunities facing the industrial and communications side were equally good. Looking back, one cannot help but be impressed with the rapidity of progress made in all directions. First, there has been the nation-wide acceptance of television as a medium of entertainment. From a very limited coverage, over four-fifths of the country is now within viewing range. This year, close on 1,000,000 television sets are likely to be sold and the future promises equally well, with the B.B.C.'s plans to extend the range of coverage even further, and with the possibilities of commercial and colour television. Secondly—and this to my mind is much more significant—the industry has undergone its third main structural change following the remarkable developments that have taken place in the field of telecommunications and electronics.

The circle of events has completed itself since Marconi's day. Last year, nearly half the radio industry's turnover consisted of various kinds of industrial apparatus, whilst domestic television products accounted for a third and domestic radio equipment for just under a quarter. From being a supplier of products for sale in a small section of the consumer-goods market, the industry has become an important producer of all types of capital equipment.

These developments have naturally led to the Government's intensifying its interest in the radio industry. For its role in the export drive is a vital one: it is playing a major part in the defence programme;

it has helped to further the success of the Government's location of industry policy by building its new factories in the development areas; it has been the means of providing the Exchequer with more than £100,000,000-worth of purchase tax. Furthermore, its products are helping to increase productivity in British industry. To take but two examples: electronically operated calculating machines can work out in seconds a problem it would take a man days to do, whilst mobile radio telephone units are helping to cut down costs in certain sections of British industry—a good example being the building trade—by reducing some of the wastage of time and labour effort caused by unsatisfactory job synchronisation.

The latest developments have not been without their problems. The growth of the communications and electronics side, and latterly the defence programme, have caused an acute shortage in skilled labour. The industry is trying to meet this difficulty, which is bound to occur whenever rapid development is taking place, by means of various training and apprenticeship schemes. Moreover, in common with other industries in the post-war period, the radio trade has had its own particular problems with raw materials. Then, last year saw a decline in the home market's demand for domestic radio equipment, and foreign competition, plus the setting up of domestic industries abroad, have had a marked effect on certain of our exports. But it is up to the British manufacturer to solve these problems, and undoubtedly the future prospects for exports in the communications and television fields seem very favourable.

The radio and electronics industry is growing rapidly and its products are certain to play an extremely important part in the world of tomorrow. There is every reason, both from



The twentieth National Radio and Television Exhibition at Earls Court, London

a strategic and an economic point of view, why this country should do everything possible within its power to maintain and develop to the full its position as a leading supplier of radio equipment. The strategic advantages for a country that possesses a thriving radio industry are obvious enough, but I believe that an equally strong economic case can be made out for this country investing a good deal more of its resources in industrial and scientific radio research and development. For the value of the finished product turned out in the radio industry is in many cases high in relation to the materials used in its manufacture. In other words, the value of the labour—and particularly the skilled labour—content is high. The excellent educational and training facilities available in this country today, together with a long tradition of craftsmanship, make our labour force one of the finest in the world; and, as a world commodity, skilled labour is scarce. On the other hand, our supplies of raw materials are by no means what they were.

Since any country ought to adjust the pattern of its economy to its available resources, it seems to me that Britain might do well to concentrate her production facilities in those industries which are turning out products with a high skilled-labour content. The radio and electronics industry is an ideal example of the kind of industry in which it might pay us to specialise—especially as the world demand for its products is rapidly increasing and likely to go on doing so. We can lead the world in radio research and technique: we must not—as we have done so often in the past—simply do all the spade work and then let somebody else build on our efforts, and forge ahead. The radio and television industry is already one of this country's most valuable assets; let us take care to see that this remains so.—*Home Service*

The French Strikes and After

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

THE wave of French strikes has now died away—the biggest and the most important movement of the kind since the great upheaval of 1936 which led to the formation of the Popular Front Government under Léon Blum and produced widespread concessions to the working masses. On this occasion the results in favour of the strikers have been nothing like as decisive, although a number of their claims were met in principle. For example, the Prime Minister, M. Laniel, agreed that the special committee for the discussion of minimum wage contracts, which is made up of representatives of the workers, the employers and the Government, should meet before the end of September. He pledged the Government to sympathetic consideration of claims for wage increases for the lowest paid workers; he accepted the right of the unions to be consulted on the application of the Government's decrees dealing with the retiring-age limit; and on ways and means of increasing employment. And M. Laniel also gave an assurance that no action would be taken against strikers unless they had been guilty of violence, though he did refuse to give way to the demand that strikers should receive pay for the time that they had been idle.

Return to Normal Conditions

These concessions, though far from negligible, did not by any means meet the full demands of even the non-communist unions but were accepted by them nevertheless; mainly because they feared that if the strike went on the situation might get out of hand and give a golden opportunity to the communist C.G.T. unions to profit from the bitterness that a prolonged conflict would be bound to bring. Even so, for a while, the communists went on doing their best to keep the strikes going, and, as long as the C.G.T. kept its members out, a return to normal working remained impossible, above all on the railways where C.G.T. membership is both numerous and powerful. However, the non-communist union members obeyed their orders to return to duty, and finally the C.G.T. leaders decided that it was inadvisable to carry single-handed the burden and responsibility of continuing the strikes as they 'wished to avoid a breach in working-class unity'. Incidentally, there was always the possibility that their authority might not prove to be effective enough to prevent their own members from drifting back to work and thus weakening the prestige of the Communist Party.

With the C.G.T. railway union in the lead, the communists called their strikes off and, with that, the country was back to normal conditions after three weeks of costly chaos. What the total cost to the nation was can only be a matter for guesswork, owing to the many factors involved; but it is known that the railway and postal services alone lost between them around £30,000,000, and the tourist traffic must have suffered enormously. In fact, official circles admit that the total loss of revenue to the state must have been much more than the amount it had been hoped to save through the decrees for administrative reform, which were the original cause of the trouble. But the government case is that the strikes were nothing less than a rebellion of the public servants against the state, and, as such, had to be resisted.

However that may be, the general feeling is that M. Laniel and his colleagues have emerged from the conflict with weakened authority; for, after a broadcast warning that in no circumstances would he renew negotiations until the strikes had been called off, the Prime Minister did negotiate after all. On the other hand, the unions cannot, and in fact they do not, claim anything like total victory. Soon after the Communist C.G.T. ordered its members back to duty, the leaders issued a statement saying that, although the strikes had secured certain advantages for the workers, even more would have been gained but for the treachery of the Socialist, Christian, and independent unions who had made a settlement with the Government at the very moment when the railway strike was in full swing and the entire system paralysed. In other words, although at one time during the strikes all the unions were working together, they were unable to maintain their unity in the final stages. Furthermore, some of the concessions made by the Government were concessions in principle; the problem of their practical application still exists. On top of that the main cause of the present

unrest is the high cost of living, and unless something effective is done about it, the unions, as they have already made clear, will soon return to the attack with a spate of wage claims. So, for the moment, the atmosphere is that of an 'uneasy truce'.

The Prime Minister and his colleagues are well aware of this, and they are now concentrating on the problem of prices, the problem which has overshadowed all others ever since the Liberation. If that can be solved really effectively, there will be some hope of restraining the present campaign of the unions—at least that of the non-communist ones—for a general wage increase. The Government has made a start by tackling the meat trade. This is understandable enough; the price of meat has always been one of the main factors in the cost of living index in France, and prices at the moment are appallingly high; anything up to 10s. a pound for cuts of the best quality. Time after time in the past, Governments have tried price-fixing, and always the trade, the best organised and most unyielding in the country, has beaten them. However, the Government has now managed to secure the co-operation of the most important section of the trade, the butchers of the Paris region. They have agreed for an experimental period of one month to reduce prices of the more expensive cuts by one-tenth, and not to charge more than the present level for the remainder. And, even more surprising, for the first time in history, as far as is known, the butchers' representatives have themselves offered to see that the agreement is honoured and to punish anyone who does not play the game. If this plan proves to be a success it will be extended to the rest of the country; and if it succeeds there, M. Laniel will have to his credit a unique achievement which may have the most far-reaching effects. The Government is also studying the possibilities of bringing down prices in many other fields, including coffee, oils, fats, textiles, and so on.

Hunt for Tax Evaders

Apart from the cost of living, one of the grievances of the public servants was that the Government started off its economy decrees at their expense, and that there was no indication that M. Laniel and his colleagues were going to take effective action in other directions, notably against tax evasion, which is still practised in France on a grand scale. In fact, many observers believe that if the present Government had issued other decrees at the time, to show the public servants that they were not going to take the knock alone, the country might have been spared those weeks of strikes. In any event the hunt for tax evaders is now on. M. Edgar Faure, the Finance Minister, estimates that the amount of capital fraudulently concealed abroad stands at about £30,000,000, and teams of investigators are now at work looking into this particular form of cheating. Others are looking into the books of people suspected of false income declarations. Hitherto, such offences have been taken for granted and, if detected, they have been compounded by agreement with the offender for the amount due and a relatively small sum over and above. But now the Minister has given orders that all such cases are to be prosecuted with all the severity that the law allows.—*General Overseas Service*

The above talk was broadcast on September 2. In 'Radio Newsreel' on September 6 THOMAS CADETT spoke about the Faure plan to reduce the cost of living.

'Apart from attacking the cost of living', he said, 'it will aim at cutting budget expenditure, both civil and military, by between ten and fifteen per cent. The cost of meat is coming down, says M. Faure, and so must the cost of the budget. In addition, he proposes to reduce other charges upon the state, and, while opposed to any general wage increases, he has announced that he is ready to agree to see that the worst paid workers get more money. The Finance Ministry has announced that the greatest tax enforcement campaign ever planned has begun. It was stated that commandos of special tax inspectors, over 100 of them, have unearthed more than 500 cases of fraudulently concealed capital, most of it in the form of foreign investment: about £30,000,000 was involved. The Ministry points out that some of the offenders were old hands at the game, and that although there have been altogether five amnesties for such offences since the Liberation, they have continued in their evil ways'.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Non-Attachment?

LORD SIMON OF WYTHENSHAW, who was Chairman of the Board of Governors until 1952, in his book *The B.B.C. From Within* (which is reviewed on another page), explains, among other things, the Corporation's policy on religious broadcasting. Whereas the Religious Broadcasting Department, he says, is devoted to 'the main stream of historic Christianity', the Talks Department is concerned with other Christian and non-Christian Churches. After the Beveridge Committee reported (he adds) the Talks Department received instructions to devote 'rather more time' to ethical talks, to controversial discussion, and to some of the religions not dealt with by the Religious Broadcasting Department. Recently THE LISTENER published a talk on Christian Science which aroused a lively controversy; today we publish a talk on Buddhism recorded by a distinguished professor from Ceylon. Of all the eastern religions, apart from Christianity, it is perhaps true to say that Buddhism has made the greatest appeal to intellectuals in western Europe. Its frank recognition of the fact of suffering and its teaching of the emancipation of Nirvana, as an escape from suffering into happiness without end, have often been seized upon by poets and thinkers. Its emphasis on self-restraint and tranquillity of mind have been especially attractive to those harassed by the problems of family and society. And although it has been claimed as a 'practical', that is to say not a speculative, religion, an element of mysticism in it has often appeared to contrast with the fighting religions like Mohammedanism. 'What is the ultimate teaching of Buddhism?' asked Shih-T'ou. 'You won't understand it till you have it'.

Buddhism offers a road to happiness through individual exertion—to a goal which once gained is never lost. Thus there is nothing pessimistic about it. Yet the western philosopher who was as much influenced by Buddhism as any one writer was Schopenhauer. In his *The World as Will and Idea* he taught that the cause of suffering is intensity of will and in order to subject or surrender the will he urged a life of ascetic mysticism with complete chastity, voluntary poverty, fasting and self-torture. And he thought the Nirvana 'the best of myths'. Bertrand Russell, commenting on his teaching, observed: 'Why the saint is preferred to a man who is always drunk is not very easy to see: perhaps Schopenhauer thought the sober moments were bound to be sadly frequent'. However, we may contrast the argument of Chuang Tzu, the Taoist who wrote that a drunken man 'does not suffer from contact with objective existence' and asked 'If such security is to be got from wine, how much more is to be got from God?'

In his book *The Perennial Philosophy*—often loosely described as 'non-attachment'—Aldous Huxley, writing in 1946, described 'the metaphysic that recognises a divine reality substantial to the world of things and lives and minds; the psychology that finds in the souls something similar to, or even identical with, divine Reality; the ethic that places man's final end in the knowledge of the immanent and transcendent Ground of all being'. In this book, to which mystical religions make the most important contribution, Huxley quotes widely from Buddhist writings and practices. The deep contrast with the young Huxley, who, twenty-five years earlier, wrote of the need for 'balanced excesses', is nowhere more clearly shown. Nevertheless it should be remembered that the Buddha himself abandoned the practice of self-mortification in favour of an active, preaching life. His is therefore seen as a practical religion and only one of 'non-attachment' in a limited sense. Simple goodness was its basis; and that flowed from self-mastery.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Dr. Adenauer's victory

THE VICTORY OF Dr. Adenauer in last Sunday's German elections has been, not unexpectedly, greeted with hostility by the communist press and radio in eastern Europe. *Pravda* published a despatch which described the atmosphere on election day in these words:

The ruling Bonn top layer has made use of all and every means of exercising pressure on voters from blackmail and deceit to open terror that stopped short at nothing on the actual day of the election.

Berlin radio commented in a similar fashion and referred to the 'monstrous election fraud'. On the other hand, the west German *Deutschland Union Dienst* said:

The election result has shown that the majority of the German people has decided for a continuation of the policy pursued by Dr. Adenauer, the object of which is the reunification of Germany. This plebiscite will further strengthen German prestige abroad. It proves the reliability of the German people and the determination to follow a consistent and moderate policy. The Federal Chancellor can now, with undisputed power and authority, continue to intensify his efforts for European integration.

Some of the French newspapers also commented on Dr. Adenauer's victory. The Independent Radical *L'Aurore* had this to say:

The reality of tomorrow will be a strong German army. It is up to us to choose—as Marshal Juin said a few days ago—between German divisions left to themselves or integrated in the western army of defence.

Many western commentators considered that the Soviet refusal to meet to discuss the Austrian treaty was a sign that the Soviet Union, in fact, had no intention at present of making any substantial alteration in the *status quo* in either Germany or Austria. From Switzerland, the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* was quoted as saying: 'It is openly admitted that Austria is regarded by the Kremlin only as a pawn on the central European chessboard—alongside the German Queen'. The same paper welcomed the new western Note to Russia on Germany—as also did *Le Figaro*, which was quoted from France as at the same time warning against illusions about the chances of success if a meeting of the Foreign Ministers did take place.

Last week witnessed the despatch of a series of Notes between Italy and Yugoslavia about Trieste. On August 31, Belgrade radio quoted the Yugoslav press as accusing the Italian Government of artificially creating alarm over Trieste and affirming that Yugoslavia had no intention of annexing any territory. The Italian reply to the Yugoslav allegations of Italian 'provocation' on the frontier stated that Italy had taken certain precautionary and protective measures because of Yugoslav threats. The Italian press—apart from some left-wing newspapers—was quoted as being united in praising the Government for its firmness. It also criticised the statement by Mr. Dulles, who said that the United States was exploring possible alternatives to the Allied declaration of 1948 on Trieste, and urged the Italian Government to keep the Allies to their promise that Trieste should be handed over to Italy. From the United States, the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying:

Both Italy and Yugoslavia, of course, claim all of the territory, and neither would be wholly satisfied with a partition . . . But the peril of a continued political vacuum at the head of the Adriatic, which creates incidents that may embroil the two nations—and their friends or neighbours—calls for a serious and practical effort to reach a decisive agreement.

On September 6, the Yugoslav radio broadcast a speech by President Tito to a mass rally in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the partisan movement. In his speech, Tito proposed that Trieste should be established as an International Free City and the whole of the surrounding area be incorporated into Yugoslavia. He declared that his Government had always been ready to solve the problem of Trieste by negotiation, but he would never accept the tripartite declaration which advocated that Trieste should go to Italy. He warned that any Italian attempt to occupy the Anglo-American zone would be resisted by Yugoslavia and advised Italy to withdraw its divisions from the frontier so that talks might be started round a table. Tito concluded:

This matter has reached such a deadlock that there is no other way except to internationalise the city of Trieste and incorporate the hinterland into Yugoslavia. This is the solution and nothing else.

Did You Hear That?

THE GREAT ITALIAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL SCANDAL

BETWEEN THE GREAT CIVILISATION that spread from Rome and the civilisation of Greece before it, there was sandwiched a kind of linking civilisation—that of the Etruscans. They lived in Italy, on the Adriatic coast, near the delta of the River Po. It is known that they had a port called Spina, but not a great deal else is known for certain about them. Now it looks as though more news of them is on the way. In fact it is possible that the poverty-stricken inhabitants of the Comacchio (a district of salt-water lagoons which is famous for its eel fisheries) have found the first-known traces of the once great port of Spina. CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Rome correspondent, sent to 'The Eye-witness' an account of what is being called in Italy 'the great archaeological scandal'.

'For some decades', he explained, 'there has been a project to drain the Comacchio and restore it to cultivation, and this land reclamation has gone forward rather more quickly since the war. The official archaeologists were aware that the process might bring interesting remains to light, and they submitted projects for financing and controlling archaeological research in the area. But bureaucracy moves slowly, and before anything had been done about their proposal it became known that large consignments of valuable Greek vases had reached antiquarians in the city of Florence, coming from the Comacchio.'

About the same time, a bronze statuette of the Etruscan god of wine, who rejoiced in the name of Fufuns, was found on the garden wall of one of the Comacchio hovels. It had been left there by a child who had found it hidden in his father's wood pile. Further investigations showed that in one of the areas just emerging from the waters, about 100 stone-walled and tile-roofed tombs had been unskillfully plundered of their larger contents, while the rest was left scattered around in fragments. The authorities, now fully awakened, have confiscated what they found in the back rooms of antiquarians at Florence, and they have placed guards on the site in the Comacchio. Official archaeologists are bitterly saying "I told you so" to the civil servants. The inhabitants of the Comacchio are busy saying to the police that they know nothing whatever about it.

On the whole, these last have the sympathy of the Italian public. Italians are all inveterate treasure seekers. It is also said here that since the people of that district have always had to live by poaching eels, they can hardly be blamed for poaching Greek vases. There is general interest in what may be found as the waters recede still farther. Spina was a port where the Greek and the Etruscan cultures met. So far, in spite of many inscriptions, the Etruscan language is still largely an unsolved riddle, and one of the dreams of archaeologists is to find a bilingual inscription in Greek and Etruscan which might give them the key. Spina is a possible site for such a find.

PINK ELEPHANTS

'Pink Elephants', explained L. HUGH NEWMAN in 'Open Air', 'there really are such things, you know! Pink Elephant is the popular name of the Great Elephant hawk moth and it certainly describes it well, because the general impression you get if you happen to find one in a woodland clearing where willow-herb grows, is of a beautiful pink-flushed moth with elegant white legs. But you do not often come across them because they hide away amongst the foliage during the daytime, and at dusk, when they take to the wing to feed from the flowering honeysuckle, you are generally indoors.'

'I think that is the reason why this family of fast-flying and colourful hawk moths is not generally better known—the insects mostly fly after dark. There are some exceptions: the two day-flying Bee hawks and the migrant Humming-bird hawk moth. This moth is often mistaken for the tropical bird it is named after. You can see it about now, hovering, perfectly poised for a few seconds before a flowering petunia, extracting nectar by means of its long proboscis. Its wings quiver so fast that it makes quite a humming sound, and all you can see of the little moth is its brilliant eyes, bird-like head, and black and white tufted tail spread stiffly out, and its grey body clearly visible between the blur of its outspread wings.'

'I admit it does look rather like an exotic bird as it darts from flower to flower, but if you watch carefully, following it as it moves along the border, you may actually see it retract its tongue into a tight

coil when it has had enough nectar, rolling it up from the tip like a watch spring, and then you will know it is a moth feeding and not an escaped tropical bird with a long beak.

'Why is this family of moths called hawks? I think the answer is in their mode of flight. The majority of them have a rapid, powerful flight, and can hover in the air motionless, except for the quiver of their wings, in the same way as certain hawks do.'

'You can roughly divide the hawk moths into two groups; the rare ones, which are mostly migrants from the Continent or North Africa, but which occasionally breed here, and the resident species, all comparatively common with one or two exceptions, making a grand total of seventeen species. The indigenous species are mostly named after the food-plants of their caterpillars, so we have the Poplar, the Privet, the Lime and the Pine hawks; and, just to complete the list, there are the Great and the Small Elephant hawks, the Eyed hawk—

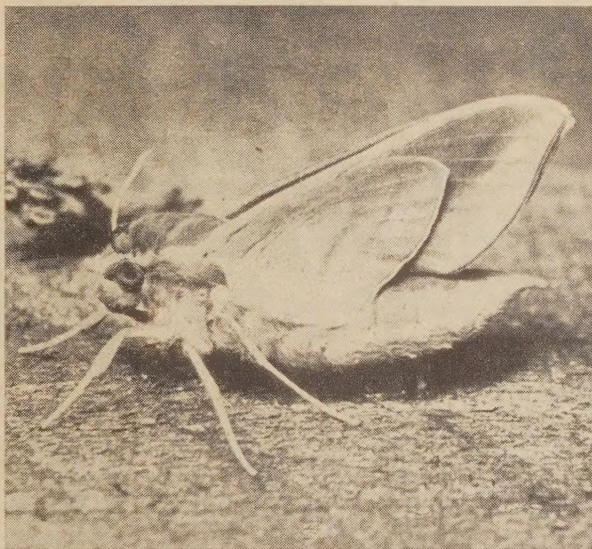
which, by the way, is often found in gardens because the caterpillars are fond of feeding on the terminal shoots of apple trees—as well as the two Bee hawks'.

PARADISE OF RED-TAILED MEN

'Between Tibet and Assam in north-east India', said EVAN WILLIAMS in a Home Service talk, 'lie large areas of unexplored and little-known country. The Balipari frontier tract is such a place and would provide a happy hunting ground for anthropologists and explorers. In 1946 I found myself on the edge of this particular territory; but until I made acquaintance with the new Political Officer, Tim Betts, and his wife Ursula, widely known as the Naga Queen, I was unable to satisfy my curiosity as to what lay beyond those hills. It was they who told me of a little-known valley, inhabited by men called Apa Tanis, a people of unknown origin, who wore scarlet tails made of split cane, and who possessed a unique civilisation. Although only thirty-two miles from the plains of India, it took six days' marching to get there, owing to the precipitous and razor-like hills which guarded the approach.'

'We straggled across the rice fields to the village of Hang. In gardens and groves skirting the village grew peaches, cherries, and apples. Here also were pine-tree nurseries for the benefit of a future generation. Through this Himalayan Eden we passed into the village itself. House nudged house on both sides of what was evidently a main street. Standing some twenty feet high, with verandahs, they were thronged with people. It was Hogarthian with its teeming vitality. Red tails abounded in the streets, the verandahs appeared to be a solid block of women.'

'Through all this we made our way and met Ursula coming towards



Great Elephant hawk moth

us surrounded by a laughing elegant group of Apa Tani men. Tall, with toga-like robes of many colours swinging from their shoulders, they formed a gay and picturesque party. With their bronzed good looks and easy manners they seemed the perfect cosmopolitan, sophisticated and unshakable.

'Here was something different from the other Apa Tanis I had seen, who, though fascinating in their own way, had tended to be dirty and a trifle smelly. I had heard that a sort of near feudal state existed up here and it was now explained to me that there were two distinct classes. The people I had met before were in many cases slaves. The patricians, to which group Ursula's companions belonged, never left their valley, but despatched the lower orders to do any work, and to face the dangers of the unknown that might lie outside their haven.

'As the days passed I learned a little more about the Apa Tanis and their customs. I learned that all this intense cultivation had been done without the aid of a plough—hoes and sticks were all the implements they used, and that their basic secret was manpower. Although specialists in agriculture, they are also unique in being the only people for many hundreds of miles who can weave. They do not grow cotton, but the Dajlas do, so, on an exchange system, a happy little industry has grown.

'They are a peaceful people, for they realise that warfare would swiftly wreck their finely balanced economy and way of life. Everything revolves round their community. Their laws are designed to allow quarrels which affect only individuals to be settled by the people concerned. Constant theft, however, is looked upon as an anti-social act and is punished by death. There is no central authority. No chiefs or headmen hold individual power. There is a system of elders, who, as a group, hold a certain authority which is far from being absolute. The main ruling force is the valley itself. When the time came for me to leave, regretfully, this near paradise, I knew that I should always remember this small remote valley, turned into a garden by the strange red-tailed men who are so passionately devoted to their homeland'.

UNDER TEN POUNDS

'With paintings, the relation of price to artistic goodness is a strangely erratic thing' observed ALISTAIR MCCHEYNE in a Scottish Home Service talk. 'Taking the extremes, many a thousand pounds has been asked—and given—for feeble or pretentious stuff, and many a modestly priced thing of distinction remained unsold and almost ignored in its creator's lifetime.

'I think that may suggest the moral theme, or essence, of my piece—which is simply this: that the acquiring of good, and even excellent paintings need not knock the bottom out of your bankbook. There are several proofs of this and one very good one, it seems to me, exists in the "Under Ten Pounds" exhibition at Annan's Gallery in Glasgow. It is the eighth annual show of its kind in the gallery. There has been a July edition and an August one, and the prices ranged from four guineas to nine guineas. Surprising enough!—and my own surprise increased when I saw in the list of artists so many well-known, respectable, and distinguished names: Sir George Clausen, the younger MacTaggart, R. O. Dunlop, Sir Muirhead Bone, J. D. Fergusson, Leslie Hunter, James Miller, William Wilson, William Strang, and many more.

'Two artists whose names may be less familiar, but whose work here suggests that they might deserve considerably wider acknowledgment are Geoffrey Squire and Charles Baillie. Mr. Squire, an intelligent assimilator of part of the Camden Town idiom seemingly, showed three very attractive canvases—a warm, amusing little piece called "Supper", and a quiet-toned figure study called "Reverie". The third painting

(and, I fondly believe, the best) you are likely enough not to see at all because I myself have bought it.

'In contrast to these, Charles Baillie's precisely painted head of a ballet dancer reveals a skill which is somewhat colder maybe—more deliberate—but nonetheless an admirable one. Landscapes abound here, and among those which took my fancy were some by William MacTaggart—most notably that glimpse of fields near Pontermé; a Suffolk landscape by the late A. R. Sturrock; "The London Road" by Robert Noble—akin to Sturrock's in design but richer and more positive in colour; and two tiny sparkling pieces which might easily have escaped notice—"Bend in the River" by Archibald Kay, and "Edge of the Sea" by William Wells'.

THE ENGLISH AS TIME WASTERS

'As soon as I leave London I wish I had stayed at home', said HERMAN SCHRIJVER, in a Home Service talk. 'As I sit in the train my thoughts rush back to Knightsbridge, where I live. For me the symbol of London is Hyde Park Corner, especially Hyde Park Corner on late autumn afternoons when the sun is setting romantically, dramatically, and bright shafts of sunlight fall sharply on Apsley House, now the Wellington Museum. It has been raining and everything is gleaming, the wet pavements, the lights reflected in small pools of water; and a wonderful feeling of peace and calm descends upon me—the feeling that I can be myself, that I am not going to be disturbed.

'When I go to the Continent I am often asked why I love living in London so much, why I think the English so civilised. I say "It is because everybody goes his own way, because nobody tries to interfere, because nobody takes any notice of me. I feel free. I am free. I have time to waste"—and, I add, perhaps a little defiantly, "I never meet or know or see anybody who really wants to do much work".

'To me your whole life seems one long concentration on leisure. You have invented an almost unending procession of what I call "time-wasters", and I love "time-wasters". I don't know about you but I find it terribly important to waste time and to bolster myself up. I tell myself that nothing is more wasteful than nature, so it must be all right. I love wasting time, wasting money, wasting affection, love, friendship—life itself, I suppose—and so your time-wasters give me endless pleasure, self-assurance. When the whole world has turned its back on open fires and has instead horrible contraptions which are as ugly as they are efficient, you in England have stuck to your open fires and waste hours playing with them and watching them.

'Like me, you have your passion for watching; watching people play cricket, watching football, watching horses, watching little boats, and best of all, watching absolutely nothing. Wherever I go in England I see people seemingly doing nothing except wasting time "watching", and enjoying it hugely. For me that is the very height of a civilised society.

'I imagine that all this time-wasting comes from the fact that every Englishman, *au fond*, wants to live like a gentleman, which means—does it not?—that he can do as he chooses and amuse himself in his own time in his own way. The strange thing is that in the quarter of a century that I have lived in London, entire industries have grown up to cope with your passion for leisure and the things you like to do with it. I am thinking of your football coupons and the time it must take you to fill these in. There is, of course, your national interest in racing and all the industries that have grown round that. There is greyhound racing, which did not exist when I came here, and, of course, "listening in", regular visits to cinemas, and now television, a new time-waster'.



'Wasting time "watching", and enjoying it hugely'

Toleration—VII

The Meaning of Toleration

Discussion between PATRICK NOWELL-SMITH and J. D. MABBOTT

PATRICK NOWELL-SMITH: The previous speakers in this series have all come from countries which share the same broad tradition of liberal democracy, in which the principle of toleration has played a large part; and they have told us how, in their different countries, this principle is now threatened. We cannot nowadays take it for granted; and Mabbott and I, as philosophers, are going to examine it in a general way without regard to particular current problems. We are going to discuss the traditional concept of toleration and the arguments used to support it; to see whether these arguments are still valid today, and to raise difficulties and objections that the traditional writers did not have to face. There is so much agreement between us that our discussion cannot take the form of a debate. Sometimes I shall raise the objections and Mabbott will answer them, and sometimes the other way round. The first question is: 'What is toleration?', 'What does the word "toleration" mean?'

J. D. Mabbott: It looks as if it ought to mean leaving people alone—letting them think what they like and say what they like without interference. But toleration does not rule out attempting to influence a man by reasoning and argument. What it does rule out is the use of violence, of threats, of fear, the method of penalising people for their views. The difference is that rational persuasion, and argument with a man, leave him free to choose whether to change his mind or not and to come to a rational decision. Threats and violence and victimisation interfere with his choice and prevent his decision from being rational.

Nowell-Smith: But surely we cannot now rest content with this hard-and-fast line between force and rational persuasion. 'It is one thing to persuade', said Locke, 'another to command; one thing to press with arguments, another with penalties'. This distinction may have been clear enough in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; it is not so clear today. On which side of the line does propaganda fall? Government propaganda, party propaganda, sermons which are very unlike the sort of sermons Locke listened to, the propaganda of powerful newspapers and advertisers? The slogans of propagandists are not rational arguments. To be sure, they are not commands or penalties, either; but they are more like commands and penalties than like rational arguments in the mode of their influence in one crucial respect. They deprive us of the power of rational choice, and they do this all the more insidiously for not doing it so blatantly. Ought we to condemn these practices? And could we do so without ourselves infringing the principle of toleration? Would it not mean setting up boards of censors to scrutinise all leading articles and party pamphlets and decide where rational argument ends and propaganda begins?

Secondly, there is the question of education, which is particularly relevant now that so much of it is in the hands of the state. No one supposes that children can or should be allowed to form their own opinions and habits in moral, political and religious matters without some pressure from adults. And, if we are convinced that certain moral, political or religious views are salutary, ought we not to try to inculcate them by the most effective means? This argument would not sanction the use of force; but it would clearly sanction appeals to emotion, the arts of flattery and cajolery, the raised eyebrow, the cold shoulder, the snub—to say nothing of the more formidable weapons of the loyalty oath, respect for the flag, and the censorship of text-books.

Mabbott: This sort of thing certainly has its dangers and perhaps there is a lot too much of it about. But I do not myself think all of it offends against the principle of toleration. For these propaganda methods are normally used to convert people who have no definite views already: this is particularly the case with propagandist education. But toleration assumes that the people who are to be tolerated already have a firm conviction; otherwise there is nothing there to be tolerated. And people with such convictions are not very likely to be moved by propaganda. A good beer advertisement may affect my action when I next order my pint; but it is not likely to affect a staunch teetotaler. Government propaganda for the Territorial Army may persuade a man who wants to be of some use to his country but is not clear how; it is not likely to move the conscientious objector.

But perhaps we ought to move on now to another question: 'What should be tolerated?' This is not just a general question about the limits of the right of the state to make laws. We have laws against murder, arson, larceny, and cruelty to children; and we are not, on that account, held to be intolerant; nor would the traditional protagonists of toleration have questioned such laws.

Nowell-Smith: The vital distinction that they drew here was that between belief and action. The legislator and the magistrate are not bound to permit rioting or direct incitement to rebellion: all government would be impossible if they were. But, according to the tradition, the expression in speech and writing of all opinions on moral, political and religious matters ought to be permitted.

Mabbott: But is this limitation to speech and writing enough? Do we not tend to apply the principle of toleration to certain kinds of action or conduct also: for example, to individual eccentricities of behaviour which do no harm to anyone else? I have seen two post-war generations of undergraduates at Oxford; and one of the differences between them was this—that the recent, 1945, generation showed much greater toleration than my contemporaries of 1919; and not only in the matter of opinion but also over such things as the wearing of beards and suede shoes.

But there is another difficulty about drawing the line of toleration to include belief and exclude action. The line between belief and action is not so clear. It may be doubted whether religious or political or moral beliefs are really beliefs. Are they not expressions of practical attitudes and attempts to win support for these attitudes by non-rational persuasion? Belief and conduct may be just two different expressions of one single attitude. If a communist or a Christian is sincere in his expressions of belief or faith, it necessarily follows that he will be doing communist or Christian actions. But then, is it not arbitrary to say 'tolerate the belief but not the action', when both spring from a single source?

Nowell-Smith: I think you are right here; belief and action are different expressions of the same attitude, and the sincere believer is bound to put his beliefs into practice. But although this may force us to modify the principle, I do not think it forces us to abandon it. First of all, it is worth sticking to the distinction between belief and action as long as we can. The basic principle is that the attitude concerned should be tolerated so long as it does no harm to others; and obviously tub-thumping in Hyde Park does less harm than trying to blow up the House of Commons. To determine the point at which permissible belief passes into criminal action is not a task for philosophers, but for experienced legislators and magistrates.

But there is also another answer. If we hold our principle sincerely, we must, I think, be prepared to tolerate not only expressions of opinion but a great many actions that we, personally, think pernicious and which would not have come within the scope of the classic conception of toleration.

Mabbott: Yes: and the principle we are defending is still that the individual is entitled to form his own attitude and express it, unless and until it damages other people. And expression in speech or writing is clearly less likely to do this than expression in action.

Now I want to raise a different question. On whom does the duty of toleration fall? I think normally, when we expect people to show toleration, the people we are thinking of are governments and other authorities. Offences against toleration are, normally, the acts of organised bodies of men, not of individuals dealing with individuals. The examples given by previous speakers in this series have, I think, all been of this kind. Indeed, I doubt whether the word 'toleration' can properly be used of the relation of one individual to another. If I say 'I am not going to tolerate this or that', this usually implies that I am speaking, not as a private individual, but as one in authority (an official, a chairman, an employer). Or if I say 'Such and such ought not to be tolerated', I mean that organised steps should be taken against it, and that if I were in authority, I would take such steps.

Nowell-Smith: But in drawing the distinction between governments and individuals, we ought not to forget something that is neither

the one nor the other: I mean public opinion. And in the western world the danger to individual liberty from an intolerant public opinion is far greater than that from governments. Professor Cushman* was, I think, right to emphasise the fact that much of the present witch-hunting in the United States is carried on outside the scope of due process of law. This is not to say that the committees themselves are unconstitutional; but the unofficial effects of their activities certainly are. They do not in theory conduct treason trials; but the general public is apt to think that they do; and a consequence of this is that what are really judicial proceedings, as a result of which a man can be condemned to severe penalties, are being conducted, not by judges, but by politicians.

Professor Cushman also mentioned the even more disturbing fact that politicians, journalists, business men and other less reputable characters, can gain publicity, advancement and financial rewards by vigorously espousing the popular, anti-communist cause. This form of vigilantism is far more dangerous than anything that governments can do, because the people who indulge in it do not commit any crime; they cannot be arraigned before the courts; the legal system is powerless both to silence them and to protect their victims.

So far we have talked about what the principle of toleration is, but have made no attempt to defend it. The rest of our discussion will be devoted to saying why we ought to adopt this principle, whether there are any limits to it, and whether there is anything to be said for those who would deny that it is an important moral principle at all. The first, the classic argument in favour of it is that there is no monopoly of truth, no one road to salvation; and that, even if there were, there is no guarantee that our rulers have discovered it. But the difficulty here is equally obvious. No sincere believer can possibly accept this position. He claims that his particular creed does possess the sole passport to salvation; and if, in his heart of hearts, he thought that others could reach salvation without going through the motions which are prescribed, in his creed, as necessary conditions, he would not be a sincere believer.

Mabbott: Yes, and I doubt whether he would have much more sympathy with another traditional argument for toleration. That is the argument that different views are required, or facets of the single complete truth as contributions towards its discovery, on the principle that two heads are better than one. Your convinced believer will not think two heads are better than one, when he believes the other head is a blockhead.

But there is another difficulty about this argument that the various views contribute to a single truth; and it is a difficulty which can be made to look fatal to the principle of toleration itself. It may be said that differences of view about moral or political or religious questions are not in the least like differences of view about a scientific problem. In science we expect some differences to turn out to be partial or one-sided views which can be reconciled in the long run. Or, if two views cannot be reconciled, we expect that one or other will in the end be shown to be false by discovering the right sort of evidence or devising a crucial experiment. But in a moral or religious or political debate we sometimes feel we have come to a point where no further argument can help. We feel that no further evidence could possibly solve our divergence. We have come up against a fundamental difference of attitude. And when this happens we do not feel it is plausible any more to talk of differences as being facets of a single absolute truth or as likely to contribute to its discovery. It looks as if they are bound to remain in permanent conflict, unless one side surrenders.

But then comes the danger to toleration. For these moral, religious, political attitudes are not merely beliefs but standards for action, and it is very uncomfortable to live together with people whose fundamental attitudes (to human life or to liberty or to marriage) are in conflict with ours. And if we are to remove this discomfort we are tempted to use force because now it seems there are no other methods open.

Nowell-Smith: In the first place, although fundamental conflicts of attitude are resolvable only by force or surrender, I believe that these are extremely rare and that we should go to almost any lengths before admitting any particular dispute to be of this kind. Most disputes, if examined with sufficient patience, turn out to be based on differences of opinion, either about the facts or about means to an end which all parties desire. And free expression of opinion is essential to discovering whether this is or is not the case over a given dispute. Force, rhetoric and sarcasm are so much easier to use than argument that there is a standing temptation to resort to them long before it is really necessary, and to cloak our fears and impatience under the specious name of righteous indignation.

Secondly, I should absolutely deny the right of any man to treat another in a manner in which he would not suffer himself to be treated. And would any of us admit the right of another to suppress our own most cherished beliefs simply because he was convinced that those beliefs were false?

Mabbott: Yes, it seems to me essential to be clear on this. To be certain that my belief is true does not give me the right to impose it on others by force. We must do as we would be done by. And if I adopt this principle for my own action I must be prepared to admit the right of anyone who is certain that his principle is true, to impose it by force on me. But this is not only something no one could willingly accept: it is an offence against human dignity. It is an insult to human personality to mould it according to someone else's ideas, as if it were a pot plant or a performing animal (and some people feel misgivings even about performing animals). I think myself, though, that the strongest argument of all is one that can be used to recommend toleration even to the most convinced believer. It is this: in matters of opinion and belief, and above all in matters of morals and religion, only a willing assent is worth having. Conversion must be conversion and not mere conformity. Locke reminded his persecuting contemporaries, 'God himself will not save men against their wills'.

So far we have both been talking as if toleration of belief and opinion was essential. Are there any difficult cases even in this limited field? For example, should we tolerate the intolerant? Should we allow free expression to doctrines of racial or religious persecution? Should we tolerate people who, if their preaching were successful, would found a society in which all toleration would be instantly destroyed? Should Germany have tolerated nazism while it was still only a creed and a programme?

Nowell-Smith: The obvious answer to this is that such people have forfeited their right to toleration. But I should not, myself, lay much emphasis on this answer. Even if the government were justified in excluding a certain sect from the scope of the principle, it does not follow that they ought to do so: and I can think of three reasons for extending toleration even to the intolerant.

First, to suppress them is to descend to their level and to weaken our own convictions. Once the principle of suppression is allowed in one case, we shall always be tempted to allow it in others; and little by little we shall slip into the position of tolerating only those who agree with us, which is just the position that our adversaries take up. The second reason is the classic argument that, after all, the heretic may be right; and that, if he is wrong, there is no surer way of proving it than allowing him to state his case. If he is put down he is sure to gain sympathisers, just because he is put down and without regard to the soundness of his case; and he may also win converts, since, in depriving him of the means of expressing his views, we also deprive ourselves of the means of refuting them. The third and, in practice, the most important reason is that, unless we resort to physical extermination on a scale unthinkable in the democratic countries, our efforts are bound to fail. It is all nonsense to say, as some do, that persecutions only increase the numbers of the persecuted party: persecution will always succeed if carried to the limit, a lesson which the Christian Church was not slow to learn. Nevertheless I think we can wait till such extreme measures are openly advocated before we need put any political or religious group beyond the scope of toleration.

There is, however, another and a more practical limit to the scope of the principle that needs investigating. Ought we to tolerate those whose views are necessarily treasonable? This was the case with Roman Catholics in England in the sixteenth century, when to be a Roman Catholic entailed being on the side of Spain even when England was at war with her. The same sort of thing is said about communists today. We are not at war with Russia, though to hear some people talk you might think we were; but would it not be true to say that, if we do go to war with Russia, members of the Communist Party would be bound to put their ideological allegiance before their loyalty to the country? It is important to get the problem clear. It is not a question whether a communist would or would not be right to put creed before country; but whether the government ought to tolerate those whose views are at least likely to lead to this decision. If I sincerely believe that the society in which I live is a basically immoral one, because it is not a Christian society or a communist society or what have you, then I for my part ought to try to undermine that society. But it does not follow that the rulers of that society ought to tolerate my subversive activities; and our question is simply whether they ought or ought not to do so.

Mabbott: Here, again, I think we should hold to our principle of tolerating views, and the expression of them in speech or writing. The

government should certainly punish treasonable activity wherever it is found. And I think it is entitled to punish propaganda which is directed specifically towards the armed forces or the police, since the motive here is clearly treasonable. It may be said that treasonable activity is difficult to discover and therefore it would be better to attack the doctrine at every point (as some Americans hold). But treason is always difficult to discover, because it works underground; and driving the doctrine itself underground too is not likely to make the job easier. I think all your arguments for tolerating the intolerant apply here with equal force; or indeed with even greater force here. For there is something positive about these creeds; and this makes it more likely that the oppression of them will create martyrs and sympathisers and that they will carry on effectively underground, with a success which an underground nazism would not have been very likely to achieve.

Now we might have a look at one or two of the attacks that are sometimes made against the general principle of toleration. Few people dare go for it openly nowadays; but a number of covert jabs are made from one direction or another. I expect you have come across this sort of thing.

Nowell-Smith: Well, there is the denigrating or sneering approach: 'Toleration is only a second-rate and negative virtue; and an easy one at that. The fact is that the majority of people nowadays have no sincere and deep-felt beliefs about religion or even politics; they tolerate the views of others simply because they do not themselves believe deeply enough to make them care what others believe. What is proudly called toleration is really apathy; it is not a sign of health or virtue, but of degeneracy and disease. The tolerant man is not of the stuff of which saints, prophets, or martyrs are made. What we need nowadays are sturdier characters who are prepared to condemn heresy roundly from the roof-tops, not only to die for their faith, but even to kill for it, and openly to declare their willingness to do so'. We have all heard this sort of talk; do you think there is anything in it?

Mabbott: Certainly toleration is a negative virtue. It does not lead people who practise it to any positive action. Yet many negative virtues are difficult under temptation: abstinence, for example, or good temper; and our previous speakers have shown us just what the temptation is, which makes toleration a supremely difficult virtue. Mr. Michael Scott* told us how the white people in Africa fear the Africans, and Professor Cushman has shown how American inroads on toleration are supported because of fear of communism: fear amounting to panic hysteria. Toleration, then, need not be a casual easy-going virtue. It is not easy to be tolerant when one is terrified.

Toleration, we have admitted, is a negative virtue; but this may be more readily accepted if I was right in saying that it is a virtue which has to be exercised primarily by governments, by authorities, by

majorities, by public opinion, rather than by individuals towards individuals. Toleration is part of the liberal democratic tradition; and it is characteristic of that tradition to hold that all virtues of governments and authorities are negative. Positive, creative work requires individual choice and individual effort. Public authorities can check abuses, restrain crimes, repel violence, remove hindrances to the good life, but they can never directly produce anything of value. They supply the rails, the brakes, the oil; but individuals must supply the power. So if toleration is primarily a duty of governments and authorities, it is not surprising that it is a negative duty.

But there is a second attack on toleration. It comes from the very people who benefit by toleration. They say it is insulting to any great creed or cause to be tolerated. Such indifference or neutrality is indefensible. 'He who is not for me is against me'. T. S. Eliot, in his book *The Idea of a Christian Society*, has said: 'It is most intolerable to a Christian to be tolerated'. What about that?

Nowell-Smith: Mr. Eliot is a verbal artist; and for that very reason I am inclined to look closely at what he says to see if anything very insidious lies behind it. Fortunately in this case I can discover nothing worse than a simple verbal confusion. 'Intolerable' is a highly-charged word; it carries great intensity of feeling; it means 'insupportable', 'suffocating', 'something that I must conquer or I shall die'. On the other hand, the whole point of the epigram is that the word to 'tolerate' is utterly devoid of this intensity. What infuriates Mr. Eliot is the notion that people who 'tolerate' Christianity do so only because they are either indifferent to it or think it harmless; and no one likes to be thought harmless.

But I think Mr. Eliot ought to be careful. He seems to mean that governments ought to act on the principle that he who is not for us is against us; and it is just as well for Mr. Eliot that our sort of government does not act on this principle. If he were not tolerated, he might find himself suppressed. If governments acted in the way he suggests they would have to take sides on every moral, political and religious issue of importance; they would have to adopt one of two attitudes to every creed: either promote it or suppress it. And suppose that they were perverse enough to adopt the latter attitude towards Christianity. Would Mr. Eliot really be prepared to parody Voltaire and say: 'Sir, I believe every word of this creed; but I will defend to the death the government's duty to suppress it'?

Mabbott: I do not suppose he would. This line would result in rules, regulations, inspectors, enforced uniformity and penalties for dissent. And it is this very use of government machinery and authoritarian methods in matters of spiritual concern which the principle of toleration is designed to prevent, and which makes that principle an essential feature of any civilised society.—*Third Programme*

* THE LISTENER, August 6

Portraits from Memory—IV

H. G. Wells: Liberator of Thought

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

I FIRST met H. G. Wells in 1902 at a small discussion society created by Sidney Webb, and by him christened 'The Co-efficients' in the hope that we should be jointly efficient. There were about a dozen of us. Some have escaped my memory. Among those whom I remember, the most distinguished was Sir Edward Grey. Then there was H. J. Mackinder (afterwards Sir) who was Reader in Geography at the University of Oxford and a great authority on the then new German subject of geopolitics. What I found most interesting about him was that he had climbed Kilimanjaro with a native guide who walked barefoot except in villages, where he wore dancing pumps. And there was Commander Bellairs, a breezy naval officer who was engaged in a perpetual ding-dong battle for the parliamentary representation of King's Lynn with an opponent universally known as Tommy Bowles, a gallant champion of the army. Commander Bellairs was Liberal and Tommy Bowles Conservative; but, after a while, Commander Bellairs became a Conservative, and Tommy Bowles became a Liberal. They were thus enabled to continue their duel at King's Lynn. In 1910 Commander Bellairs was half-way on the journey from the old party to the new one. And there was W. A. S. Hewins, the

Director of the School of Economics. Hewins once told me that he had been brought up a Roman Catholic, but had since replaced faith in the Church by faith in the British Empire. He was passionately opposed to free trade, and was successfully engaged in converting Joseph Chamberlain to tariff reform. I know how large a part he had in this conversion, as he showed me the correspondence between himself and Chamberlain before Chamberlain had come out publicly for tariff reform.

I had never heard of Wells until Webb mentioned him as a man whom he had invited to become a Co-efficient. Webb informed me that Wells was a young man who, for the moment, wrote stories in the style of Jules Verne, but hoped, when these made his name and fortune, to devote himself to more serious work. I soon found that I was too much out of sympathy with most of the Co-efficients to be able to profit by the discussions or contribute usefully to them. All the members except Wells and myself were imperialists and looked forward without too much apprehension to a war with Germany. I was drawn to Wells by our common antipathy to this point of view. He was a socialist, and at that time, though not later, considered great wars a folly. Matters

came to a head when Sir Edward Grey, then in Opposition, advocated what became the policy of the Entente with France and Russia, which was adopted by the Conservative Government some two years later, and solidified by Sir Edward Grey when he became Foreign Secretary. I spoke vehemently against this policy, which I felt led straight to world war, but no one except Wells agreed with me.

As a result of the political sympathy between us, I invited Wells and Mrs. Wells to visit me at Bagley Wood near Oxford, where I then lived. The visit was not altogether a success. Wells, in our presence, accused Mrs. Wells of a Cockney accent, an accusation which (so it seemed to me) could more justly be brought against him. More serious was a matter arising out of a book that he had lately written, called *In the Days of the Comet*. In this book the earth passes through the tail of a comet which contains a gas that makes everybody sensible. The victory of good sense is shown in two ways: a war between England and Germany, which had been raging, is stopped by mutual consent; and everybody takes to free love. Wells was assailed in the press, not for his pacifism, but for his advocacy of free love. He replied somewhat heatedly that he had not advocated free love, but had merely prophesied possible effects of new ingredients in the atmosphere, without saying whether he thought these effects good or bad. This seemed to me disingenuous, and I asked him, 'Why did you first advocate free love and then say you hadn't?' He replied that he had not yet saved enough money out of royalties to be able to live on the interest, and that he did not propose to advocate free love publicly until he had done so. I was in those days perhaps unduly strict, and this answer displeased me.

After this I did not see much of him until the first world war had ended. In spite of his previous attitude about war with Germany, he became exceedingly bellicose in 1914. He invented the phrase about 'a war to end war'. He said that he was enthusiastic for this war against Prussian militarism. In the very first days, he stated that the whole Prussian military machine was paralysed before the defences of Liège—which fell a day or two later. Sidney Webb, although he agreed with Wells about the war, had ceased to be on good terms with him, partly from moral disapproval, partly because Wells undertook an elaborate campaign to win from Webb the leadership of the Fabian Society. Wells' hostility to the Webbs was expressed in several novels, and was never appeased.

After the end of the first war, my relations with Wells grew again more friendly. I admired his *Outline of History*, especially in its earlier parts, and found myself in agreement with his opinions on a great many subjects. He had immense energy and a capacity to organise great masses of material. He was also a vivacious and amusing talker. His eyes were very bright, and in argument one felt that he was taking an impersonal interest in the subject rather than a personal interest in his interlocutor. I used to visit him at weekends at his house in Essex where, on Sunday afternoons, he would take his house-party to visit his neighbour, Lady Warwick. She was an active supporter of the Labour Party, and her park contained a lake surrounded by huge green porcelain frogs given her by Edward VII. It was a little difficult to adapt one's conversation to both these aspects of her personality.

Wells derived his importance from quantity rather than quality, though one must admit that he excelled in certain qualities. He was very good at imagining mass behaviour in unusual circumstances, for example in *The War of the Worlds*. Some of his novels depict convincingly heroes not unlike himself. Politically, he was one of those who made socialism respectable in England. He had a considerable influence upon the generation that followed him, not only as regards politics but also as regards matters of personal ethics. His knowledge, though nowhere profound, was very extensive. He had, however, certain weaknesses which somewhat interfered with his position as a sage. He found unpopularity hard to endure, and would make concessions to popular clamour which interfered with the consistency of his teaching. He had a sympathy with the masses which made him liable to share their occasional hysterias. When he was worried by accusations of immorality or infidelity, he would write somewhat second-rate stories designed to rebut such charges, such as *The Soul of a Bishop*, or the story of the husband and wife who are beginning to quarrel and, to stop this process, spend the winter in Labrador and are reconciled by a common fight against a bear.

The last time I saw him, which was shortly before his death, he spoke with great earnestness of the harm done by divisions on the left, and I gathered, though he did not explicitly say so, that he thought socialists ought to co-operate with communists more than they were doing. This had not been his view in the heyday of his vigour, when

he used to make fun of Marx's beard and exhort people not to adopt the new marxist orthodoxy.

Wells' importance was primarily as a liberator of thought and imagination. He was able to construct pictures of possible societies, both attractive and unattractive, of a sort that encouraged the young to envisage possibilities which otherwise they would not have thought of. Sometimes he does this in a very illuminating way. His *Country of the Blind* is a somewhat pessimistic re-statement in modern language of Plato's allegory of the cave. His various utopias, though perhaps not in themselves very solid, are calculated to start trains of thought which may prove fruitful. He is always rational, and avoids various forms of superstition to which modern minds are prone. His belief in scientific method is healthful and invigorating. His general optimism, although the state of the world makes it difficult to sustain, is much more likely to lead to good results than the somewhat lazy pessimism which is becoming all too common. In spite of some reservations, I think one should regard Wells as having been an important force towards sane and constructive thinking, both as regards social systems and as regards personal relations. I hope he may have successors, though I do not at the moment know who they will be.—*Home Service*

For Jane Bradley with a Porringer

Never may your games be drawn.
Always may you lose or win.
May you not be a looker on
But a partaker in;
Not dwell in life's remote suburbs
But in her centres and her towns,
And speak her great affirming verbs,
Not just her abstract nouns.

HAL SUMMERS

Littoral

But now for God's sake let the tide go out;
Do not be the moon bringing it home to rest.
Here is my hand on the matter. Let it rest.
Leave us our lives, or what we are about.

Happy enough I am, living after my fashion.
Stirring the times and tricky, but far away
Over the sea. Here on this inland bay
The waves are small and unacquainted with passion.

We are cultured, surely. Tapestry is the scene,
Centuries of good taste have wrought these slopes
And twilight vales, informing with their hopes
These brilliant colloquies of green and green.

Leave me this ordered land. It has its meaning.
Leave me the cavies chortling in the rocks,
The curious prick-eared flogs, the golden flocks—
O spare me these. Forbear this intervening.

For your spiky eyes bring death to all that was
So sweet, so sensible. With a tidal wave
You make for the shore, and little I can to save
All I reclaimed. Why come? You have no cause.

I am so unready. You will blast my shelves,
Tear up my pictures, come at last to burning
My trays of roots and leaves, and all the learning
That mild men need to circumvent themselves.

Lower your eyes, think what you are about.
Go, storm the heavens, make yourself a star,
Or take your chance—simply the thing you are.
But now, for God's sake, let the tide go out.

JOHN HOLMSTROM

The Art and Architecture of India

By E. M. FORSTER

ONE hundred and ten years ago, Lord Macaulay made a speech in the House of Commons. Here are some of his remarks:

The great majority of the population of India consists of idolators, blindly attached to doctrines and rites which are in the highest degree pernicious. The Brahminical religion is so absurd that it necessarily debases every mind which receives it as truth: and with this absurd mythology is bound up an absurd system of physics, an absurd geography, an absurd astronomy. Nor is this form of Paganism more favourable to art than to science. Through the whole Hindu Pantheon you will look in vain for anything resembling those beautiful and majestic forms which stood in the shrines of Ancient Greece. All is hideous, and grotesque and ignoble. As this superstition is of all superstitions the most irrational and of all superstitions the most inelegant, so it is of all superstitions the most immoral.

Thus spoke Lord Macaulay, together with much else, in the year 1843. We are now in 1953, and here is a large and learned book* about the 'inelegant superstitions' he so forcibly condemned, containing no less than 190 plates in which the inelegancies are illustrated, and numerous ground plans and elevations of the idolatrous temples that so roused his ire. It is true that few of the illustrations resemble the shrines of Ancient Greece. He was right there. But it does so happen that Greece and India are different places, seeking different goals, which trifling fact escaped him. Macaulay was a great man, and when a subject was congenial to him he could be sensitive as well as forcible. But he was not good at making the preliminary imaginative jump; he never thought of learning from India, he only thought of improving her, and since Indian art did not strike him as improving, it had to be destroyed.

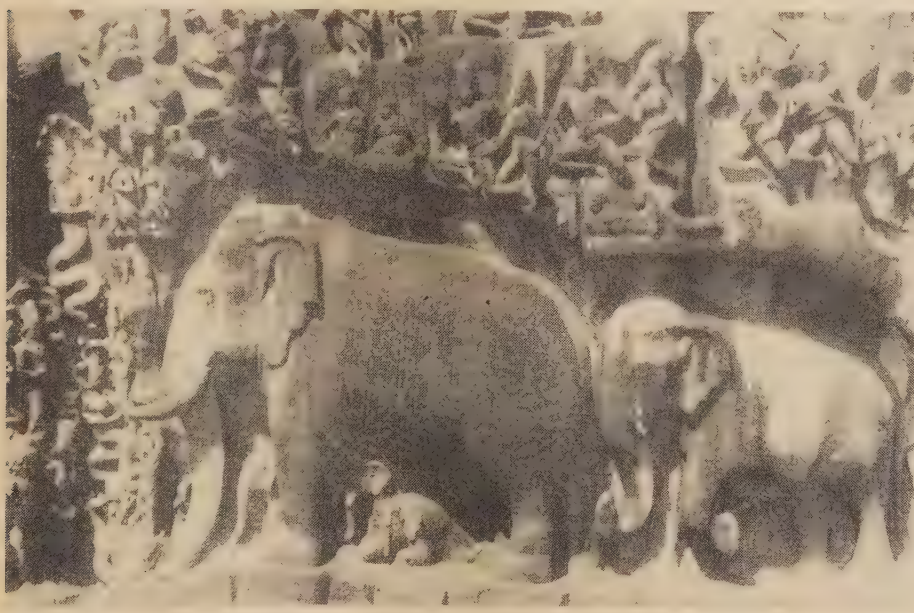
A good deal of it was destroyed; and the residue was insulted; only in my own lifetime has it been recognised as a precious possession of the whole human race, and its presentation and classification attempted, and aesthetic appreciation accorded to it. Indian art is not easy—one cannot pretend that about it; it seldom appeals right away to the westerner, or else he catches

on to it and then falls off it and has to try again: this has been my experience, and here is one of my reasons for being grateful to Professor Rowland of Harvard for his helpful book. I will try to summarise its contents.

The curtain rises over 4,000 years ago. The scene is the valley of the Indus. Here the remains of two great cities have been excavated. Their discovery caused great excitement, but we discovered very little about them. We do not know who planned them or what gods they



Gandhārvas from Sondani: Gupta period



Detail from the 'Descent of the Ganges', a gigantic carved granite boulder on the sea shore at Māmallapuram, southern India, c. A.D. 700

worshipped. We cannot decipher their script. They seem to have been trading cities connecting on to Mesopotamia and they may have originated the Indian civilisation we know. They flourished for over 1,000 years and then vanished. Perhaps they were swallowed up by the sands; perhaps they were destroyed by invaders from the north. We do not know. The curtain falls. Those two cities on the Indus form the prelude to our drama.

The next scene takes place much later, about 400 B.C. As the curtain rises again we see that the invaders from the north have established themselves and are practising a religion akin to Hinduism. When it has fully risen we witness the establishment of Buddhism. And now the main drama begins. The connection between Hinduism and Buddhism is complicated. They are not rival sects: nothing so clear-cut as that. They both started in India, and you can still see there—I have seen it and have picked a leaf—a descendant of the sacred tree under which Buddha sat when he attained enlightenment. They both taught, or usually taught, that this life is an illusion, and they both

*The Art and Architecture of India: Buddhist, Hindu, Jain. By Professor Benjamin Rowland. The Pelican History of Art. Penguin Books. 42s.

sometimes emphasised and sometimes ignored the unity of God. And both of them were entangled in local folk-lore. You cannot draw any definite line between Buddhism and Hinduism. Their real point of issue is social: they took up different attitudes towards the caste-system. Buddhism condemned caste and consequently it exported easily and became a missionary religion abroad. Hinduism was rooted in caste, and it tended to stay at home.

Professor Rowland is enthusiastic about Buddhism, and much of his book—almost a quarter of it—is occupied in following Buddhist exports outside India. He follows them north to Afghanistan and Turkestan, eastward to Nepal, southward to Ceylon and Java, Burma and Siam. My own interests are passionately Indian so I shall confine myself more strictly than he does to the Indian sub-continent.

Buddhism, I was saying, developed there about 400 years before Christ, when Ancient Greece was powerful. In time it produced two schools of art—one of them was a Greco-Indian or Roman-Indian school up by the northern frontier, the other was a native Indian school further south, on the banks of the Ganges. The two sprang up under the same dynasty. The northern school used to be greatly praised by critics, especially by those who inherited Lord Macaulay's attitude, and felt that Indian art which had been influenced by Greece or Rome would not be as bad as art which was merely Indian. That was the attitude of Kipling; he gives a charming account of the statues which Kim saw in the Wonder House at Lahore: they were Greco-Indian statues, and I am not decrying them. But the southern stuff, the art which developed by the banks of the Ganges, is preferred by more detached critics, and Professor Rowland gives good reasons for the preference. Some of it is in London; you will find on the main staircase of the British Museum reliefs from a great Buddhist shrine.

Now drop the curtain again: I am sorry to keep on with this curtain but I cannot manage without it: it helps to arrest the sense of flux which paralyses us when we contemplate through so many centuries a civilisation that is always flowing: it imposes upon India the semblance of form. Drop the curtain again, then, and raise it about the year A.D. 400: about the time when the Roman Empire is falling to pieces. What do you see now? You see Indian art at its highest. You see the beginning of the famous Gupta period. It was so called after one of the dynasties which reigned during it. Professor Rowland says:

Seldom in the history of peoples do we find a period in which the national genius is so fully and typically expressed in all the arts as in Gupta India. The Gupta period may well be described as a 'classic' in the sense of the word describing a norm or degree of perfection never established before or since, and in the perfect balance and harmony of all elements stylistic and iconographic—elements inseparable in importance.

He proceeds to describe and to illustrate some of the masterpieces of that period: the caves, hollowed out into churches for the congregational worship of Buddha; the isolated statues of Buddha—for it is the religion that still dominates. Hinduism persists and the two Indian gods who are most worshipped today, Siva and Krishna, receive their shrines.

Somewhere about the year 800—my figures are very rough: I pick on 800 because it was the year when Charlemagne was crowned in Rome and started, for that tiny place Europe, the Holy Roman Empire—the Gupta civilisation came to an end and its curtain falls. Our next scene—and it will be our final scene—contains our major surprise. Buddhism has disappeared. Hinduism, dormant through so many centuries, becomes rampant and prevails. It had already modified Buddhism and complicated it. Now it manages to expel it; the caste system is reaffirmed, the elaborate Hindu temples arise with their towers that are not quite spires, their spires that just fail to be towers, their mushrooms and sun-hats, their gateways and gates, their colonnades, platforms and courtyards, their writhing sculpture—and the sculpture is sometimes obscene.

All is being prepared for the displeasure of Lord Macaulay. And minds more sympathetic to India than his, minds less aggressively western, have also recoiled from the Hindu temple and regretted the expulsion of Buddhism. The late Lowes Dickinson had such a mind. My first visit to India was in his company, and I remember how he used to cower away from those huge architectural masses, those pullulating forms, as if a wind blew off them which might wither the soul. This was not the Parthenon at Athens; no, it most certainly was not; and those gods with six arms or a hundred heads and blue faces were far from the gods of Greece.

I became easier with the Indian temple as soon as I realised, or rather as soon as I was taught, that there often exists inside its complexity a tiny cavity, a central cell, where the individual may be alone with his god. There is a temple-group in the middle of India, once well known to me, which adopts this arrangement. The exterior of each temple represents the world-mountain, the Himalayas. Its topmost summit, the Everest of later days, is crowned by the sun, and round its flanks run all the complexity of life—people dying, dancing, fighting, loving—and creatures who are not human at all, or even earthly. That is the exterior. The interior is small, simple. It is only a cell where the worshipper can for a moment face what he believes. He worships at the heart of the world-mountain, inside the exterior complexity. And he is alone. Hinduism, unlike

Christianity and Buddhism and Islam, does not invite him to meet his god congregationally; and this commends it to me.

The name of this temple-group is the Khajuraho group. There are twenty temples standing out of an original eighty-five and all of them are deserted. They rise like mountains of buff in the jungle. They were built shortly before William the Conqueror was born. They belong, according to Professor Rowland's classification, to the final period of Indian art—the period which began when Buddhism was driven from the land of its birth, and which peters out amongst the nineteenth-century Rajput miniatures.

I must allude in passing to the 190 illustrations already mentioned. They are rather a disappointment. They have been intelligently selected, they range widely, some of them come off, but they do not on the whole give an adequate idea of the marvellous architecture and sculpture of India. 'What could?' you may say, and you are right. But photographs of the same subjects, which I bought out there, are certainly



Kandariya Mahadeo temple, Khajuraho: c. A.D. 1000

Illustrations from 'The Art and Architecture of India'

less inadequate. I have been doing some comparing, and my photographs win. Possibly the method of reproduction is at fault; I do not know; but here is a weakness in an otherwise admirable work, and I hope it may be remedied in future volumes of the series.

So much for my summary. I have lugged you, rather than led you, through the book, omitting much and patting into shape much that was amorphous. I have not discussed any of the non-Indian chapters, and one of them—about Cambodia—I have not even mentioned. Instead of these remote exports, I would rather have heard more about monuments native to the Indian soil: more about the Elephanta Caves, for instance: they are dismissed in under two pages. However, that is a personal preference. Moslem art is naturally omitted: it is a separate subject. But, just in passing, in order to emphasise the complexity of India, I would like to mention that Hindu and Moslem art do occasionally blend there. One example is the work of the Emperor Akbar. Another—a striking one—is the architecture of Ahmedabad, where the mosques, though correct ritually, are compounded in the Hindu style and waver aesthetically into temples. And there is a third example in a Moslem tomb outside Golconda, in the south. Eating my lunch there—one does, or did, eat one's lunch at Moslem tombs: it was part of their graciousness and courtesy—I could admire two styles of architecture on a single little building. I like to record these bastards of Moslem and Hindu, though they may not be congenial to contemporary politicians. The past is never as cut and dried as the present would like it to be. And the present, with its insistence on purity and its fanatical faith in the racial or religious 100 per cent., needs a reminder of this.

I will end by reminiscing about one of the monuments which I have seen and enjoyed. I will choose the Elephanta Caves, just mentioned. They are well known, being on an island near Bombay, and those who have seen them may think that 'enjoyment' is the wrong word to employ. Certainly nothing more solemn, more remote from the pleasures of daily life, can be imagined. I would not picnic in an Elephanta cave. I last went there on a steamy December afternoon, nearly eight years ago. The waters of the harbour were very calm, and close to the island they became shallow and muddy. A mangrove swamp was starting. 'Up to no good' is always one's reaction when mangrove swamps are mentioned, but they are not sinister to look at. Their bright little green noses pushed up on either side of the slippery landing

stage. There was a climb up a couple of hundred feet, through brushwood, ticket-taking, and close ahead, over a level space, the chief cave. It showed as a dark gash in the cliff wall. It has been terribly damaged. The Portuguese, when they discovered it in the sixteenth century, did what they could to destroy the shrine. They, too, despised the religion and art of India.

The cave is dedicated to Siva. Enormous sculptures of him loom, and the light, filtering into the main chamber from several directions, picks out his limbs unexpectedly or illuminates the magnificent giants who guard his shrine. Above is the living rock, supported by pillars hewn out of it and meriting the title of 'living', for vegetation springs from its cracks. Elephanta is not one of those caves in which one exchanges light for darkness steadily. It is broad, it does not dig far into the mountain, and one's impulse is to wander in and out of it through the various gaps, always finding new effects and unexpected drama. The eight giants round the sacred sentry box impressed me most. They were not doing anything, as Siva was in the niches at the side. They were not dancing on the world or treading down demons, or slaughtering, or getting married against a background of air-borne imps. They were merely guarding the symbol of generation, and they had guarded it for 1,000 years. Elsewhere Siva predominated. He was everywhere. He was the male sex and the female also; all life came from him and returned to him. I like the idea—grave scholars have entertained it—that his wife got tired of this, that constant unity with the deity bored her, and that on one of the Elephanta reliefs she is depicted as losing her temper.

I do not remember much else about that gracious and enviable day—only the haziness and the stillness outside and a road which curved left round the hill towards some other caves. Our small party had the good luck to be on Elephanta alone, and no doubt that has recommended it to me. It is certainly unique. I have regretted that Professor Rowland has not said more about it, but what he does say is stimulating, and I will quote him:

The colossal panels of Elephanta suggest spectacular presentations on a stage, their dramatic effectiveness enhanced by the bold conception in terms of light and shade. Probably such a resemblance to the unreal world of the theatre is not entirely accidental; for in Indian art, as in Indian philosophy, all life, even the life of the gods, is an illusion or play set against the background of eternity.

—Third Programme

The Buddha and his Message

By G. P. MALALASEKERA

HE was brought up in the lap of luxury; his education consisted not only of the knowledge, which the great men of his time taught, but also of proficiency in all the manly arts. At the age of sixteen he married a princess, having won her favour by a display of his skill and power. Thus, he had every reason to be happy, but the sorrows of the world around him filled his sensitive soul with restlessness, and the more he pondered on the cruelties of life the more determined he became to find a way of deliverance from them. 'There is a getting born and a growing old, a dying and a being reborn. And from this suffering, alas! an escape is not known, even from old age and death. When shall such escape be revealed?' And he thought further, 'Surely there must be a way out of this ill! Just as there is warmth as opposed to cold, and light as against darkness, there must be likewise happiness as opposed to sorrow.'

Then one day, when he was twenty-nine years old, soon after the birth of his only son, he left home and family; resolved never to return without succeeding in his quest. For six long years he sought, going through innumerable experiences, practising various austerities that greatly taxed him physically and mentally. Then on a full-moon night in the flowerly month of May, seated under a tree—which has since become an object of worship—while the world stood still in expectation, he put forth a supreme struggle. The forces of evil opposed him in vain; he rent asunder the veil of ignorance and delusion and saw the truth face to face. He became the Buddha, the Awakened One, the Seer of Perfect Light.

He had found emancipation, Nirvana, escape from suffering into

happiness without end. Thereafter, for forty-five years, till he died at the age of eighty, his life was one of incessant activity, teaching, preaching, continuously travelling except during the three months of the monsoon, sleeping only two hours a night, carrying the tidings of good cheer, the message of hope and happiness to all who would care to hear. Countless men and women sought his help and guidance in their personal problems and to all of them he was a friend and a brother. It is said of him that he always greeted with a smile those who went to see him, that he never had a frown on his face. He set no limit to the questions that could be put to him but he firmly refused to be drawn into useless speculation. His teachings were homely yet full of wisdom; his aim was to help men become their best by achieving perfection.

The Buddha lived in an age of great intellectual and social activity, in many parts of the world. In Rome the last of the kings had come and gone and in Greece the tyrants had been replaced by more democratic forms of government. It was the age of Pythagoras and Heraklitos in Greece, of Lao Tse and Confucius in China. In India itself it was the epoch in which those unique spiritual documents, now gradually becoming known and appreciated in the west, called the Upanishads, were being produced by men of supreme wisdom. The problems which, from the beginning of time, have kindled men's imagination and occupied human thought were being formulated with fearlessness and discussed with candour.

It was into such a world that the Buddha preached a new gospel which went straight into the heart of the human problem. He declared that happiness could be obtained by developing wisdom and insight and

that a way to happiness was the Way of the Good Life. The Good Life consisted mainly in avoiding the two extremes of self-indulgence and self-mortification which had been the remedies prescribed before the Buddha's time. Self-indulgence he said was low, and self-torture crazy and foolish; both were profitless. There is a Middle Way which leads to insight, and its fruit is serenity, knowledge, enlightenment, happiness, Nirvana.

Four Great Truths

The Buddha's teaching is summed up in four great truths, four irrefutable facts—the fact of suffering, the further fact that this suffering has its cause in the craving for personal, selfish satisfaction and gratification, the third fact that this suffering and all suffering will cease once this craving is completely stilled, and fourthly that this result can be obtained by treading the Noble Eightfold Path which consists of right views, right aspiration, right speech, right conduct, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness, and right tranquillity of mind. The emancipation thus obtained can never be lost by those that have won it. There will be for them no more faring on through continued existence, no more birth and no more death. The fundamental principle of all reality is that whatever has a beginning must, in due course, also have an end, and suffering is no exception. The recognition of this fact and also of the fact that everything is the result of causes which can be discovered and, therefore, removed if necessary, provide the means for the eradication of unhappiness and evil.

The foundation of happiness, according to Buddhism, is the apprehension of the ultimate facts of life; this apprehension is reached not so much by reasoning and logic as by immediate insight. When this apprehension is gained, the passions of sense are subdued, all ill will disappears, and conflict ceases. The winner of the goal no longer demands that the world shall minister to his gratification: he is freed from the arrogance of claiming the recognition of his own individuality as opposed to that of others. The cravings on which being had erstwhile been reared have died away and in the resultant calm there is intense but tranquil joy. It will thus be seen that Buddhism is fundamentally a teaching of emancipation, not, however, an escape from life: it is rather a realisation of life's fullest possibilities. 'Just as the great ocean', says the Buddha, 'has only one taste, the taste of salt, so has my doctrine and discipline only one taste, the taste of emancipation'; but he declared elsewhere that that emancipation can be won only by the perfection of all aspects of one's personality.

Emancipation must needs imply the existence of some unsatisfactory condition from which men must be freed. A world which is happy would need no such doctrine. The Buddha wants us to take a realistic view of life, to have a just estimate of their values. The Buddha takes his stand upon common human experience, the sorrows and the pains, the material and moral suffering with which we are only too familiar, the maladies of the body, well-matched by the ills of the mind—striving and failure, frustrated ambition, mortified passion, baffled hope and disappointed endeavour, inexpressible bereavement, love wrecked by accident, disease, or death. What anguish of mind there is in a single lifetime even of those who are considered happy and lucky, what grief and dejection, what lamentation and despair! The scene of our days and years is full of change; all our pleasures must end, too brief is their duration. Early and late, death goes his rounds, ever alert and irresistible, mowing down high and low, rich and poor, young and old, the mighty and the meek. In the world around us is poverty and starvation, misery and unhappiness, discontent and violence.

We all know this but we often try to forget it. The Buddha wants us to face these facts, not in order to cultivate an attitude of pessimistic resignation but to eliminate suffering and unhappiness, to fight against it, in the knowledge that all suffering without exception can be eradicated. Both facts are important, the fact of suffering and the fact that it can be got rid of and happiness attained. The two are inseparable in Buddhism; they are complementary.

The destruction of suffering and the attainment of happiness are possible only because of the prevalence in the world of the law of Karma, which may be described as the law of cause and effect. Very briefly stated it is this: everything that happens happens only because of the existence of antecedent causes and itself becomes the cause of subsequent effects. If the cause ceases to be, the effect will disappear as well. As we sow, so we reap; if there is no sowing, there will be no reaping, either. Everything in the world is dependent on other things for its existence; there is nothing that originates by itself. According to the Buddha, this law holds true in every department of the universe,

physical as well as moral. It is a very intricate law to follow in all its ramifications but, as far as man is concerned, it is this law that affects his happiness and his sorrow. It has no origin in time; it is not a 'command', therefore, it cannot be 'broken'. Sin in Buddhism is not the transgression of the command but the failure to act in harmony with the law which is called Dharma, or the Reality. Thus it is that the word for 'suffering' is *dukkha* which also means 'conflict', i.e., conflict with Dharma. It operates everywhere, without exception at all. It cannot be cajoled or flattered; it cannot be altered by self-torturing or by offerings, by rites or ceremonies.

But the Buddhist conception of Karma has nothing to do with predestination. Predestination is condemned as a heresy. That which we have done in the past has made us what we are now, gives us certain tendencies and latencies, but even these can be greatly, if not completely, changed by deliberate action and determination, because Karma is a continuous process and belongs not to the past only but also to the present and the future. What is most important is that the future is entirely what we choose to make of it. We are our own creators, the creators of our own destiny and, therefore, of the destiny of the world. We can also be our own enemies. It lies with us to determine our future; it is always being made, never really finished. But if we want happiness it can be achieved only by earnestness and incessant activity; mere belief can achieve nothing, nor prayer, nor sacrifice. Merely to pray for happiness, without working for it and therefore earning it, is as futile, says the Buddha, as to ask the further bank of the river to come over that we may get to the other side.

The Buddha's teaching is thus a very practical thing. It takes man straight to the realm of first principles and asks him to solve these problems in the light of those principles. The whole force of its ethic is concentrated on the cultivation of character and its aim is to organise human effort for the attainment of knowledge. Knowledge alone is not enough because it will give men power but not self-mastery. The service of others is, with the Buddhists, a universal call. There are some who hold that a life of service for others is the best life, regardless of what follows. The Buddha goes further. His own life was a living testimony that he considered the happiest life a life of service, but he did not blind himself to the fact that the world, even if it consisted of none but heroes and martyrs, would yet be an unsatisfactory world. Real happiness can be attained only by individual exertion and not by the labour of others. Good works are necessary, but far more important is the love that irradiates them. 'All good works whatsoever', he says in a well-known passage, 'are not one-sixteenth part of the love that sets free the heart'.

A Challenge to the Will

The Buddha upholds the supremacy of human reason; he wants nothing taken on trust; his teaching breathes the air of noble freedom. He showed in his own life what humanity can do; he makes no claims of rights or privileges for himself. What he has done we all can do. He makes simple goodness in spirit and deed the basis of religion. He recognises the frailty of human nature and the deficiencies that exist among men in temperament and capability. He therefore indicates in his teaching how each man can, according to his will and power, follow the path in graduated stages. The goal at the end is positive happiness and joy, which once gained is never lost. It is a happiness which can be achieved here and now, in this world, in this very life, not in some nameless, unknown hereafter. It is a challenge to our will and a spur to our endeavour.—*Home Service*

Among recent publications are: *The Dramatic Festivals of Athens*, by Sir Arthur Pickard-Cambridge (Oxford, 50s.); *Idealistic Thought in India*, by P. T. Raju (Allen and Unwin, 42s.); *Travel and Discovery in the Renaissance, 1420-1620*, by Boies Penrose (Oxford, 32s. 6d.); *Bouquet de France: an Epicurean Tour of the French Provinces*, by Samuel Chamberlain (Hamish Hamilton, 63s.); *The Political Element in the Development of Economic Theory*, by Gunnar Myrdal (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.); *A Socialist Anthology*, by Norman Longmate (Phoenix, 21s.); *Vineyards in England*, edited by Edward Hyams (Faber, 25s.); *Stars in the Making*, by Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin (Byre and Spottiswoode, 25s.); *The Cross and the Crown: the History of Christian Science*, by Norman Beasley (Allen and Unwin, 25s.); *Plato's Theory of Art*, by R. C. Lodge (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.); *Geography from the Air*, by F. Walker (Methuen, 30s.); *Life of the Past: an Introduction to Paleontology*, by George Gaylord Simpson (Oxford, 25s.); *Sense Perception and Matter*, by Martin Lean (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.); and *English and Irish Cut Glass, 1750-1950*, by E. M. Elville (Country Life, 25s.).

Problems of Communist Language

The second of two talks by J. M. CAMERON

IN so far as the Communist Parties attempt to justify their policies to themselves, they do so by drawing upon the theory of Bolshevism. Policy will be shaped in response to changes in the world situation—or, rather, to the communist estimation of what these changes are and of what results they will tend to bring about. But the grammar of policy statements will be governed by rules derived from the theory; and we can only understand the statements by deriving the rules from the theory.

'Thrilling Tones of Moral Passion'

One has to hedge all this about with qualifications. Bolshevism as a theoretical system is pretty well complete by 1921. After that there are changes which seem in one way to be developments of the original theory and in another dilutions or vulgarisations of the theory. If one is well disposed towards the regime associated with the name of Stalin, that followed the heroic age of Bolshevism, one will be disposed to call them developments. If one is an admirer of the Bolshevism of Lenin, one will be disposed to call these changes a dilution or a vulgarisation or even a perversion of Bolshevism. And if one is not committed in either of these ways one will be content to note their character without wanting to talk about them in the deep and thrilling tones of moral passion.

For example, Bolshevism down to the death of Lenin had no use for a living human authority which would be omniscient and infallible. Marx and Engels were thought to be as near omniscience and infallibility as makes no matter; but neither the Bolshevik Party nor its central committee nor Lenin himself was thought of, in Lenin's lifetime, in this way. But in the later stages of the Stalin regime omniscience and infallibility were attributed to Stalin himself in a way that would have been repugnant to the first generation of Bolsheviks and that conflicted with the critical and iconoclastic side of Bolshevism. This led to a special kind of logical discourse—one which it is hard to fit into the general theory of Bolshevism—which consisted of taking certain oracular statements of the master and drawing out from these statements, by what purported to be deduction, conclusions agreeable to the Soviet Government. Again, the campaign against 'cosmopolitanism'—a campaign seasoned with a dash of anti-Semitism—shows how far removed in some respects the Stalin regime was from the truly cosmopolitan and sceptical spirit of the years of revolution.

These and similar qualifications have to be made. But it remains true that even the most recent statements made by the Soviet leaders in their capacity as communist pedagogues presuppose a comparatively undiluted primitive Bolshevism. A fierce contempt for all varieties of pacifism and for all schemes for an international order not founded upon the victory of the proletarian revolution in at least the main advanced countries is a characteristic sentiment in early Bolshevism. Lenin wrote in 1914: 'The war... is a form of capitalist life as natural as peace. . . . The idea of refusing to serve in the army, of strikes against the war, etc., is mere foolishness; it is the miserable and cowardly dream of an unarmed struggle against an armed bourgeoisie, it is a weak yearning for the abolition of capitalism without a desperate civil war, or a series of wars'. We find the same spirit, though the expression of it is colder, less passionate, in Stalin's pamphlet *Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.*, published in 1953, and in Malenkov's report to the nineteenth congress of the Soviet Communist Party in October, 1952. Stalin, writing of the 'peace' movement, emphasises that this movement may 'result in preventing a particular war . . . in the temporary preservation of a particular peace. . . .'. He goes on to say that this 'will not be enough to eliminate the inevitability of wars between capitalist countries generally. . . . To eliminate the inevitability of war, it is necessary to abolish imperialism'. The emphasis in Malenkov's report is somewhat different; and by the use of hindsight we may even discover traces in it of the changes in tone that have come over Soviet propaganda since the death of Stalin; but his entire analysis takes for granted the validity of Lenin's theory of imperialism, notably when he interprets American foreign policy and

states that 'the antagonisms between the United States and Britain and between the United States and France become more acute, and will become still more acute in future'.

If we were to conclude that communist policy is always and inevitably determined by considerations drawn from the theory of Bolshevism—if, in the words of Stalin, 'to eliminate the inevitability of war, it is necessary to abolish imperialism'—then the prospects of a reasonable settlement between the Soviet Union and the west are poor. Certainly, to understand the meaning of many Soviet pronouncements we must place them within the complex of theory to which they belong. To suppose, as many people did suppose between 1941 and 1945, that the Soviet communists are at bottom Fabian socialists of a rather crude and uncultivated sort is to make it hard or impossible to understand Soviet pronouncements. But are there any signs that Bolshevism is ceasing to count practically with the rulers of the U.S.S.R.? Are there, in Soviet language, any indications that revolutionary talk is a smoke-screen behind which there is coming into existence a regime with interests and purposes very different from those of the Soviet Union in its earlier years?

If one looks back upon earlier revolutions, it is easy to see during which years the new regime begins to move away from a genuine belief in the revolutionary mythology to which it still defers in its official pronouncements. The fortunes of the French Revolution after Thermidor illustrate the point. We can see that the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, represent successively greater divergences from the myth of liberty, equality and fraternity. But this was not so plain at the time. Even so intelligent and generous a man as Hazlitt continued to believe that the Napoleonic regime was the incarnation of the revolution, the Napoleonic armies instruments of liberation; and this was precisely the impression that Napoleon strove to impose upon his contemporaries. If there were old Jacobins who could not be shaken even by the coronation of Bonaparte in Notre Dame, only a decade after the solemn inauguration of the cult of Reason in the same building, it is not surprising that happenings just as strange should fail to disturb the faith and loyalty of communists in our own day. But historical parallels can be pressed too hard. Is it true that the inner life of Bolshevism is growing feebler and that under the surface appearances something different is growing up?

'Cemented by Blood'

Now and then a pronouncement is made that does not seem to belong at all to the complex of Bolshevism. Such pronouncements are extremely rare; but it is significant that they can occur at all. There is, for example, Stalin's reply to Hitler's greetings to him on his sixtieth birthday, in 1939. 'The friendship of the peoples of Germany and the Soviet Union, cemented by blood, has every reason to be lasting and firm'. Perhaps one ought not to attach too much weight to words uttered on ceremonial occasions such as this; but even ceremonial pronouncements are, in the Soviet Union, always phrased with the greatest care and carry with them implications for policy. (When, before the war, Stalin said that life was becoming more joyful in the Soviet Union, this was treated not as a casual remark but as an utterance big with implications of immense gravity.) The key phrase is 'cemented by blood'. The reference seems to be to the partition of Poland which had just been accomplished. It was unnecessary for Stalin to have used these words. He cannot have thought they would be likely to make the slightest difference to the German attitude. From the Bolshevik standpoint the joint attack on Poland could no doubt have been justified as a necessity in the existing situation; but for an old Marxist, aware of all that the cause of Polish independence had meant for European revolutionaries throughout the nineteenth century, it could only have been a bitter and shameful necessity. But here is Stalin, without the slightest excuse, using one of the typical cant phrases of the despised imperialists.

Again, there is Stalin's comment on the Japanese surrender in
(continued on page 426)

NEWS DIARY

September 2-8

Wednesday, September 2

It is announced in Paris that the Western Powers have invited Russia to a meeting of Foreign Ministers in Switzerland to discuss Germany and an Austrian treaty

President Eisenhower promises sympathetic consideration to Persia's request for economic aid

M. Jacques Thibaud, the violinist, is among forty-two persons killed in an air crash in France

Thursday, September 3

Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, says he has no objection to discussing the Indo-China fighting after the Korean conference; he also condemns the partition of Germany as a crime for which Russia is responsible

More electricians go on strike in support of wage claims

Friday, September 4

Government changes are announced. Lord Leathers and Sir Arthur Salter resign. The Ministers of Agriculture, Education and Food join the Cabinet

Yugoslavia sends a fourth note of protest to Italy about the situation on the Trieste frontier

Saturday, September 5

United States makes a second emergency grant of dollars to Persia

It is reported from Washington that the United States has not changed her policy on Trieste

United States defeats Britain in the Walker Golf Cup

Sunday, September 6

The exchange of prisoners in Korea is completed. A total of 13,000 United Nations prisoners are handed over

West Germans poll heavily in elections for the Bundestag

President Tito proposes Trieste shall become an international city and the hinterland part of Yugoslavia

Monday, September 7

Dr. Adenauer's party gains absolute majority of one in new Bundestag

Sir Godfrey Huggins becomes interim Prime Minister of Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

T.U.C. Congress opens in Isle of Man

Tuesday, September 8

Some 23,000 communist prisoners who have refused to return home are placed in camps under Indian custody near Panmunjom

Prime Minister presides over Cabinet meeting in Downing Street

In victory rally Dr. Adenauer appeals to west Germans to work for 'liberation' of east Germany

B.B.C. annual report is published



Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, casting his vote in his home village of Rhondorf during the general election in western Germany on September 6. The results gave Dr. Adenauer's party—the Christian Democrats—an absolute majority in the new Bundestag

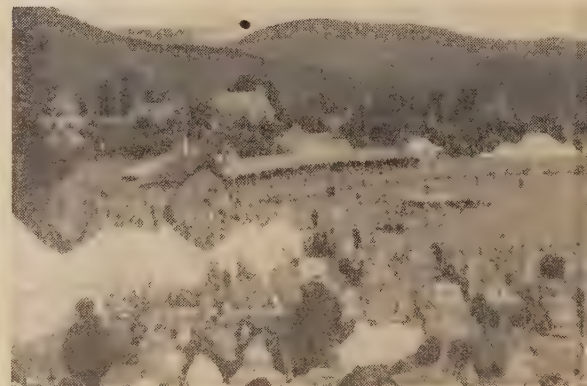


Michael Hordern as Polonius and Richard Burton as Hamlet in the performance of 'Hamlet' given by the Old Vic Company during the Edinburgh Festival

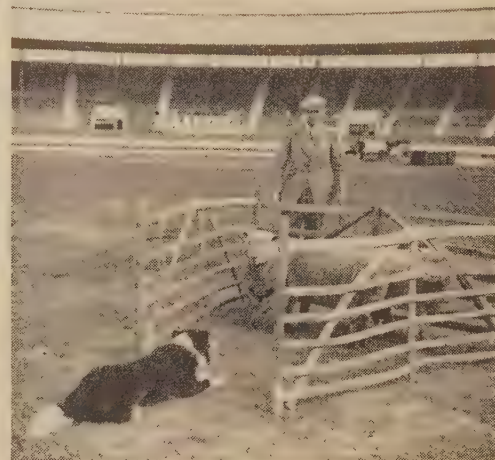
Right: 'Hemp' waits for the next word of command from his master, Mr. William Wallace, during the sheep-dog trials held at the White City last week



Indian troops on board one of the ships from South Korea to the neutral zone, the custodians of prisoners



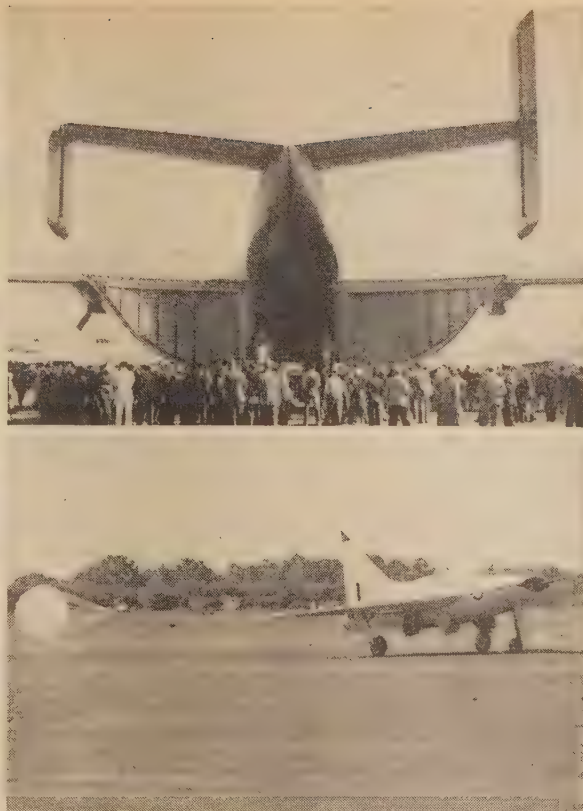
The Highland Gathering at Braemar on September 3. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with other members of the Royal Family, were present



Dinghy Yacht



s which brought them last week
they are to take up their duties as
have refused repatriation



Squadron-Leader Neville Duke, chief test pilot of Hawker Aircraft, acknowledging the cheers of onlookers as he climbed from his Hawker Hunter fighter at Tangmere R.A.F. station, Sussex, on September 7, after breaking the world air record at an average speed of 727.6 m.p.h. The record is subject to official confirmation. The existing official record is 699 miles an hour achieved by a U.S. pilot



The Farnborough Air Show: top left, *The Blackburn Beverley*, an aircraft designed for dropping heavy military equipment. Its wing span is 162 feet. Bottom left, the *Boulton Paul P111A* releasing a parachute from its tail to bring it to a steady landing after a demonstration flight on Monday. The P111A is used for aerodynamic research at and near sonic speed. The show is open to the public next weekend



seuturs in the Torbay (Devon)
it's Burton Week races last week



A photograph taken during the annual service held by the *Cromwell Association* on September 3 beneath Oliver Cromwell's statue at Westminster. This year (the tercentenary of the establishment of the Protectorate) the address was given by Dr. Maurice Ashley, Chairman of the Association. A wreath was laid by Mr. Isaac Foot, the President

Left: a mechanical hop-picker in action at Fladbury, Worcestershire, last week. The crops are passed through the machine which strips the branches

(continued from page 423)

1945: 'The defeat of the Russian troops in 1904 left bitter memories in the mind of the people. It lay like a black spot on our country. Our people believed and hoped that a day would come when Japan would be smashed and that blot effaced. Forty years have we, the people of the older generation, waited for this day'. It is not at all extraordinary that in some respects the Soviet leaders should wish to identify themselves with the Russian past. What is extraordinary is that Stalin should have treated the victory of 1945 as wiping out the humiliation of the Tsarist regime by the Japanese forty years before. For the entire opposition to Tsarism, the Bolsheviks more vehemently than others, had rejoiced over the Russian defeat. Lenin's comment on the Russian defeat at Port Arthur had been: 'The European bourgeoisie has its reason to be frightened. The proletariat has its reasons to rejoice'. Stalin himself, then an agitator in the Caucasus, had greeted the news in similar terms of exultation. Consequently, when Stalin speaks in 1945 of the victory over Japan as a long-awaited day of triumph and revenge, he speaks as though Bolshevism had never existed, and forgets—or conceals—his own past.

The Twitching Aside of a Curtain

Such pronouncements as these seem to resemble the momentary twitching aside of a curtain. For a few seconds we glimpse a room furnished and peopled in a way different from what we had anticipated. Statements, then, which seem to belong to a family of statements different from that of Bolshevism, are occasionally made by Soviet statesmen. If this fact stood by itself we might be unable to calculate its importance. Men are inconsistent. Not everyone is an accomplished theoretician. Statements can be made to deceive and to win the support of groups that do not share or do not understand the theory of the ruling group. We have to relate what is said, not only to a theoretical background but also to acts of policy. If one works one's way through the literature of Bolshevism, especially the literature of the crucial ten years between 1914 and 1924, one thing is certain: the immense importance which is attached to a proletarian revolution in Germany. Great importance is also attached to colonial revolts in Asia, for according to Lenin's theory such revolts seriously weaken the social structure of the metropolitan countries. But it is the German revolution which will provide the struggling Soviet regime with the resources of technical ability and material equipment it needs. By 1939 the situation had changed a good deal. The Soviet Union had become a great industrial power. But although the deferred German revolution could no longer be thought an absolute necessity it still remained, as a means of strengthening the Soviet state and extending the world revolution, desirable.

The evidence seems to suggest that Stalin's purpose in the last stages of the war was to build up a defensive zone in eastern Europe, not to encourage a proletarian revolution in the advanced countries. Part of the evidence is to be found in the tactics imposed upon the French and Italian Communist Parties. But the decisive evidence is to be found in Stalin's German policy. Not only did he sponsor a punitive peace with annexations and indemnities—an incomprehensible policy if the stake for which he was playing was a Soviet Germany—and not only did he acquiesce in the division of Germany into zones of occupation, but his boldest attempt to split the home front in Germany was the organising of the Free German Committee under Seydlitz and Von Paulus: an effort to exploit, not revolutionary and internationalist sentiment but conservative and nationalist sentiment. The Old Bolsheviks had staked almost everything on a German Revolution. Stalin showed not the least trace of confidence in such a possibility.

I am far from wishing to suggest that in this Stalin was mistaken. It does not show even that Stalin had 'lost faith' in Bolshevism. What it does show is that the original expectation that proletarian revolution was a possibility, even a probability, in advanced industrial societies had been abandoned, perhaps for ever. The palace revolutions carried through in eastern Europe through communist control over the police and the army have not the slightest resemblance to anything approaching proletarian revolution in the classical sense. But if it is true that the Soviet leaders have ceased to count on proletarian revolutions in Britain, France, Germany, then the central doctrines of Bolshevism have simply evaporated. And they have evaporated, not so much through any 'degeneration' of the regime, through the growth of a new ruling class which knows not the original prophets, but rather because Marxism and Bolshevism are simply wrong about the social tendencies of industrial societies.

It is false that these societies lurch from one desperate crisis to another yet more desperate, and that the workers in these societies grow more revolutionary in their temper and more disposed to entrust their fortunes to the leadership of the Communist Parties. On the contrary, these parties are strong in countries where industrial development is backward and an impoverished peasantry presses hard upon the means of subsistence. This is the great fact against which Bolshevism as a theory has broken itself. The language of Bolshevism is, still employed; and certain parts of the theory—especially the theory of imperialism as it relates to Asia and Africa—may still be thought valid; in trying to make sense of the international situation, the members of the Soviet Government may feel that a purely empirical approach is dangerous and deceiving and may therefore use the old theoretical scheme as a working hypothesis; but we may look forward with some confidence to further and more dramatic changes in communist language. Sooner or later the new generation in the army and the party will break the links—other than those of historical sentiment—that bind them to the heroic age; though language that is no longer taken seriously as a guide to action may for a long time keep its importance as ritual speech and, because both the other powers and the Soviet rulers themselves will for long find it hard to distinguish between what they have to take seriously and what may be dismissed as a matter of form, the survival of such ritual speech may continue to bedevil the foreign relations of the Soviet Union.

There is no guarantee that this development will be to the advantage of the rest of the world. Napoleon was in many respects a more formidable threat to Europe than the armies of 1793; and his inheritance of some of the ideas and social policies of the revolution he had stabilised enabled him to disintegrate, socially and politically, the old regime in much of Europe. But Napoleon—here the parallel is a little closer to the Third Reich than to the Soviet Union—believed himself to be the instrument of destiny. Consciously Machiavellian politicians—and that the Soviet leaders should be such is the best we can immediately hope for—are perhaps easier to get on with. In some ways a Robespierre or a Napoleon is a grander figure than Talleyrand; but a Talleyrand is better at picking up the pieces and has a greater sense of his human limitations.

Péguy used to say: '*Tout commence en mystique et finit en politique*'. This is discouraging if we look for absolutes in politics, especially if this takes the form of seeing a particular regime as the chosen instrument of some dialectic of history, Marxist or other. Such a belief about a particular regime seems to me a delusion and a dangerous one; and not only dangerous when it weighs upon a communist statesman.—*Third Programme*

Circe

The young men walk in the rain with bicycles,
Dripping from headgear, thermos, pump,
Consulting the map lent by the Vicar.

His face is a thin mask, sprouting
Lashes and false nostrils.

Watching them leave in the morning,
He imagines their laughter on the soaked Downs,
Shaking the wet from yellow capes
In the teashops of Cathedral towns,
Drinking flask tea by flint walls.

The rain beats on the window.
He is Ulysses on the magic island,
Fortified by a herb.

The scarlet flowers in his garden
Have peeled under the stormy sky,
Revealing black fingers in the wet.

The rain beats on the window.
Daughter of the sun among the teashop china
Serving with smiles under the beams
Is a mystic, murderess, chanting in camera,
Hiding the dead ape in roses and ebony.

The rain beats on the window.
Powerless, the Vicar turns away,
Groping along the shelf, and even now
The cyclists change. Pimples to snouts
On Circe's shore, they pedal to a sea of rain.

J. L. FULLER

The Practice of the Presence of God

The third of four talks by Canon V. A. DEMANT

WE are, in these talks, trying to learn from the great men and women who can teach us what it means to find God not in what is left over when we have done all the other things, or to fill up the gaps in our knowledge, or useful for something else we care more about—but to find Him at the root of our existing, our striving, our knowing, and our loving. The late Charles Williams, novelist and religious writer, used to say there are three stages. 'There is the old man on the old way; then there is the old man on the new way, but thirdly there is the new man on the new way'. The old man on the old way is the man wrapped up completely in his own satisfaction and interests, or those of his set in the world, with no concern with God and religion; the old man on the new way is the one who holds some religious opinions, belongs to a church or supports a religious movement. But there is still enough of the old man hanging about him, so that he is still the centre of it all. The new man on the new way is finding that God, not himself, is the source and centre and end of his life. It is this way that we are concerned with here and how to get on to it.

Discarding Familiar Processes of Knowledge

I have suggested that this way can be reached only by the breakdown of all the more familiar processes of knowledge. It is a question how to know the reality of God and of creatures in Him; and it turns out from the whole story of this striving that it involves a steady discarding of and working through all the other kinds of knowledge and striving we cling to so desperately. We cling to them because they are our own; we get our pride of life in exercising them. You know how we all get a kind of vested interest in our problems, because coping with them is the only way we know so far of convincing ourselves of our own reality. Our own discovered ways of finding significance are so precious to us that it seems like a loss of self to give them up. We think of them as Touchstone thought of his girl Audrey in 'As You Like It': 'An ill-favoured thing, Sir, but mine own'.

Growth in the presence of God means to come through all the paraphernalia of man-centred religiosity in order to know God, and that is bound to be a real endurance. It is often an endurance to find that our own efforts to know and serve God are blocked—then we have to learn to accept that it is He Himself who has blocked the way and is showing us another. He is there, as it were, taking the egoism out of our very religion. How does it work? I will give you some examples.

First, while we are thinking about the presence of God to be known in its own unique way, let me remind you of one great spiritual teacher who wrote a whole book about the blocking of our own ways of knowledge and how to penetrate it. He calls his book *The Cloud of Unknowing*. We do not know his name or who he was except that he was an Englishman of the fourteenth century; his writing is beautiful, alive, pointed, and often humorous as when he describes the fads of his fellow Christians. What is it, when we have with genuine desire tried to learn something of God's nature and word—in prayer, reading, and meditation—what is it that at some point stops us going further, and what is worse, brings a dreadful feeling of being separated from God? We have still what he calls the 'naked intent unto God'; our desire is genuine. But there is a 'darkness', or a 'cloud', a 'lack of knowing'—a 'cloud of unknowing'. The only way to penetrate that cloud is to give up our former efforts and attend to 'the naked Being of God'—and this with our will, in love. 'By love may He be gotten and holden but by thought never'. We are to 'smite upon that thick cloud of unknowing with a sharp dart of longing love'. It is a suffering, he suggests, to direct heart and will to Him who seems gone, but 'although it be hard and straight in the beginning when thou hast no devotion; nevertheless yet after, when thou hast devotion, it shall be made full restful and full light unto thee that before was full hard. And thou shalt have either little travail or none, for then will God work sometimes all by Himself'. And, again: 'Abide courteously and meekly the will of our Lord, and snatch not over hastily, as if it were a greedy greyhound, hunger thee never so sore'.

We can see a little of what this means by a right understanding of a common painful experience which comes to us all who have tried to grow in the practice of prayer and which is often brought to the clergy by those who are distressed because they do not know what is happening. It is just this: at a certain point all one's sensible religion (religion one can feel) seems to crumble. People come to their pastors and say: 'My religion once meant a lot to me; I got help from prayer, worship was real; God seemed to be with me. Now all that has gone; the reality has gone out of it; nothing but darkness, dryness, emptiness; it seems as if God had taken Himself away into a far country; and the more I struggle to regain what I have lost the further I seem from the assurance and steadiness I once had; I have lost my religion'.

When people come with that account of themselves, they have to be told: on the contrary your religion has not collapsed; God is calling you to a more real, deeper, and more robust faith; it is a necessary stage if you are to grow out of the infantile religion which corresponds to your willingness to run an errand for the sake of the sweets your mother gave you. Just precisely because your feelings are no help, for they seem dead; and your thoughts are no guide, for they are all over the place; you are being called to offer yourself, just as you are, with that centre of your being, your will. You are getting nothing in return in the way of warmth, confidence, or encouragement; but because you are called to serve God for nought, you learn for the first time what charity, disinterested love, means. Yes, it is an agony and no wonder you want to quit, but it is at this point that God is bringing you nearest to Himself, and if you do not quit but take the agony as from Him, you will come to that deeper union of which we know from those who speak of our being rooted in God in a more real way than we were through our consciousness.

There is a whole literature about this stage, a stage which is absolutely necessary at some point in our spiritual history if we go forward on it; sometimes several times in a lifetime. It is called the 'Dark Night' and it is described most fully by the Spanish writer, St. John of the Cross. He was a poet and wrote commentaries on his own poems. He spoke sublimely about the 'living flame' which is the uncreated Light of Union—and also about the two 'dark nights'. The first is the 'night of the senses', in which we have to renounce the earthly things that separate us from God. The second—the 'night of the spirit'—which is what I am indicating, is 'an incomparably more awful experience, in which we feel that God has taken Himself right away and left us without any help at all'.

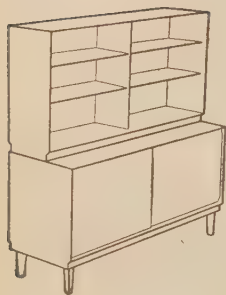
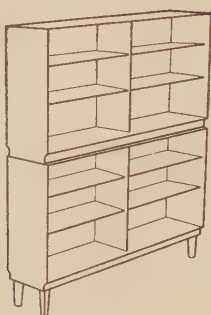
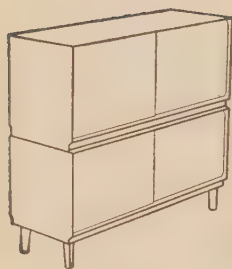
Too Much Dependence on 'Consolations'

All the authorities tell us that a faith which consists only in what we call the consolations of religion is a weak and sickly growth which withers as soon as the wind turns; so that the periods of 'desolation' are God-sent to wean us from this dependence on consolations. He sends both, so that we have times of refreshment in between. Says Ignatius Loyola, in *The Spiritual Exercises*: 'Let him who is in consolation think how it will be with him in the desolation that will follow, laying up fresh strength for that time. On the other hand, let him who is in desolation remember that he can do much with the grace that is sufficient, if only he strengthen himself in his Creator and Lord'. You will find the same message in chapter nine of the second book of *The Imitation of Christ*. Here are a few samples: 'Is it so great to smile and be devout when God's touch comes to you? This is an hour beloved of all. . . . But it is a very grand thing so to live that we can do without comfort either from earth or heaven, and to be willing for God's honour to bear up against this exile of the heart'. And 'Never did I with men so pious, so devout, who, now and then, had not some lessening of God's kindness. . . . This is nothing new nor strange to those who know God's way'. Of course, the difficulty here is to give oneself up to the fact of God when we have been relying on sensation of His presence.

I need hardly remind you that the state of desolation is necessary before we can know that union with God as a fact which is independent



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of consciousness in the normal sense. This is what the Lord Christ passed through at that moment on the Cross when He cried: 'Why hast Thou forsaken me?' As an old writer speaks of it: 'The Father withdrew His presence, but did not break the union'. There Christ identified Himself most utterly and completely with our humanity, so that in the completest alienation one may also know that the union is a fact rather than an experience.

It is only then, as we come up against the dark cloud which obscures all our other knowings and deprives us of rewards, that we begin to tread what is called the unitive way—an existing unity of the spirit of man with the Supreme Spirit—without any intermediary of thought, feeling, or other forms of conscious knowing, all of which imply a certain moving out by the knower to grasp the known. As some of the teachers put it, God becomes real to us not as an object to be known and felt, but as the ultimate subject at the centre of our acts of knowing and feeling.

To reach this awareness of God as the presupposition of all our striving, not only in our heads, but as a habitual state, men have to cross a ditch, to take a leap. I use these phrases not to suggest that it necessarily takes place suddenly, but to indicate that it is not a continuation in the same direction which the religious quest has taken until then. And it is not the change from unbelief or indifference to religion: it is the change from man-centred to God-centred religion.

You will have noticed that we began by talking about the way as a kind of knowledge, and now the language is rather one of will and love, instead. That is part of the leap I mentioned. Knowing is a sort of grasping, so is much of our love; but the love we are now talking about is a sort of giving or offering. That is why the leap consists in getting ourselves out of the way, which is so difficult because in a way it is so easy. We have got so tied up in the machinery of our souls that to stop all that working seems like ceasing to exist, just as people feel bereft when they have not got the radio on.

Therefore, it is God himself who draws some people to this stage by putting a stop to their own ways of approaching Him. He does this in order that they may know Him not by grasping, but by what the author of *The Cloud* calls 'the naked intent unto God'—a simple, sincere direction of the will stripped of all the familiar satisfactions, and that is an act of love.

I suppose this is really the last and most inward form of losing one's life to find it. We have to lose attachment to those movements of the soul which may have taken us part of the way to God but are not He. Here, again, the spiritual writers have their say. It consists in the teaching and practice of detachment and of abandonment to divine providence. Detachment or 'indifference' is that state in which we know that our response to God's call to us is 'indifferent' to the equipment He sends us. We can get to the point at which what has seemed a hindrance constitutes the very situation in which God calls on us to act, speak, and respond. Here, the apparent hindrance we are thinking of

is the drying up of our sensations of devotion. But Christians know something about the faith that refuses to be turned back by hindrances in other spheres than that of the prayer-life, and that in fact uses them to make a new way. I cease to make demands that my environment or state of soul should be changed. Then I am free of it spiritually, and often, as God wills, I can for the first time change it.

And there is more to it even than that. It can mean further that I learn only here the meaning of Divine Providence, which I can hardly grasp by intellectual formulations. What has been to me evil, harmful, becomes the means of good. I learn that God's creation of me and His concern for me is not only to have made me Man, but this man, in this situation, with these people, English (in my case), living in the mid-twentieth century, with the particular bewildering problems it presents me with. And here is the difficult thing to state without paradox: I can only be a free agent for changing things when I have got to the point that I can afford not to have them changed. If I need absolutely that my setting should be changed before I am free, I will never be free, and I shall be chained to my environment for good—though I may gild the chains with self-righteous heroics.

To reach this inner freedom is an inner revolution, a death and resurrection, a descent into hell and a rising again, as radical in the soul as the enactment of it historically was by Jesus Christ. In that drama Christ, the Word of God, was crucified and executed as a criminal. This, it seems to say, is what happens to absolute goodness when it entangles itself with human history. The earthly life of Jesus is not restored. The crucifixion was a public event; a phenomenon of history, but the resurrection was hidden from the world. All that history knows is the empty tomb. But to those of faith, to the body of the faithful, the resurrection declares that in submitting to the forces of evil Christ was in that very passion of His exercising the divine sovereignty and mercy. And notice that the forces which sent Christ to the Cross were men's idea of the good protesting it was God's. With us passion, to have something done to one, is the opposite of action. To God they are the same. The risen life of Christ is not the happy ending of a sad story blotting out the Cross and blood of Good Friday, but the outward showing of the inner side of things.

And the practice of the presence of God, which allows us to see life from that inner side of things, brings a power not only of enduring, but even welcoming, the very things that seem a hindrance to our doing the will of God. For we learn with that fine pinpoint of our single-minded intention to rely on Him, while the rest of us is rather a shabby mess, that we can turn those hindrances into instruments of love, healing, and salvation. In other words, the forces that move outward from that divine ground of our being are stronger than the forces which seem to constrain us from without. But this is not a piece of natural knowledge; it is known in what the Church calls the life of grace, or the working of the Kingdom of God and of Him who is the bringer of the Kingdom.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Price of Oil

Sir,—Listening to the talk by Mr. Goold-Adams on the Middle East, I was interested to hear him say that if and when the production of Persian oil is resumed, 'one of the main problems would be to make room for it'. This is a view which has been widely expressed. Can anyone explain to me why the arrival on the world markets of (say) an additional 30,000,000 tons of oil should not be used to lower the price? The same wise man might also tell us why the price of oil first went down a few months ago, then went up a few weeks later. I notice that the chairman of Furness Withy is equally puzzled by the mysterious movements in the price of this essential commodity. Has the price now risen to a figure above that of 1951 (in the U.K.) for fuel and diesel oil because America is now an importer, though tanker freight rates have fallen? I am sure the B.B.C. would render a signal service if it could persuade an oil P.R.O.

to give a talk entitled: 'What governs the price of oil', or, better still, get him to answer a few questions on the price movements during the past eighteen months. Ship-owners, industrialists, private motorists, and managers of public transport would love to know the answers.

Yours, etc.,

STEPHEN KING-HALL

Bordon

Toleration

Sir,—A Church which claims to be infallible is bound to be intolerant of any dissent. The Church of Rome has always been candid, except in Protestant countries where it is in a minority, about its right to demand the strict obedience of every man, woman, and child in the world, so far as spiritual affairs are concerned, and even in some secular matters.

If your readers will get hold of a remarkable book, *The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State*, by Charles C. Marshall, a member

of the American bar, which was published in this country by the Faith Press, of 22 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, they will find in it ample evidence of the candid confession by eminent Papists of their belief that their Church has this right. There is no organisation in the history of mankind, not even the Soviet Union of Russia, which has ever made so wide a claim to absolute rule over the world as the totalitarian Church of Rome. On pages 287-289, Marshall mentions the names of several eminent theologians, two of whom became cardinals, who, between 1875 and 1910, taught this doctrine. The latest of them was Professor Lépicier, who held the chair of Sacred Theology in the Pontifical College of Pope Urban at Rome, and was made a cardinal in 1927.

In 1910, Lépicier published a book, entitled *De Stabilitate et Progressu Dogmatis*, to which Pope Pius X, by the hand of his secretary, afterwards Cardinal, Galli, contributed a preface. His

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Holiness stated that Lépiciér 'had extracted and expressed the very kernel of Catholic doctrine' in his book. Marshall reports that:

Lépiciér taught, among other things, that the power to deprive heretics of their rights extends to the right of life itself; that formal heretics deserve not merely to be excommunicated but to be killed; that the power to kill for heresy belongs both to the State and the Roman Church, and that the latter should not shrink from discussing this teaching out of regard for the sentiment of the modern age.

We may regard Cardinal Lépiciér's opinions with horror, but we must admire his candour.

Marshall cites Article V of the Concordat in the Italo-Vatican Agreement which was concluded between another Pope, Pius XI, and Mussolini, in which the Pope

demanded and secured the provision—that those who have incurred censure from the ecclesiastical authorities of the Church, cannot be employed or retained by the State of Italy in any office or employment in which they may be brought into immediate contact with the public; the offender against the Church becomes *pro tanto* an outlaw in the State, and is divested of his right to earn his daily bread as schoolteacher or postmaster in an Italian village. In the Pope's letter to Cardinal Gasparri he demands that the provision be given retrospective effect.

Italy, Sir, is not the only country in which these oppressions may be experienced. Englishmen, who lose their reason when they hear a Southern Irish brogue or listen to a Dublin jarvey rolling out a stale wheeze which he would not have the impudence to utter to an Irishman, are accustomed to denounce Ulster Unionists and Protestants as ignorant bigots because they will not allow themselves to be absorbed into an alien republic which, during the second world war, could almost have been called an enemy alien republic. If such Englishmen, usually attached to the left, could get rid of their girlish emotion when they hear a bit of obsolete blarney, and would exercise some intelligence on the subject of partition, they would soon cease to sicken Irishmen with their maudlin opinions.

In 1930, Miss L. E. Dunbar-Harrison was appointed County Librarian of Mayo. Immediately her appointment was announced, furious opposition to it was proclaimed, much of it by priests, because Miss Dunbar-Harrison was a Protestant. A full account of this shocking incident, in which I gratefully acknowledge that Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues behaved with exemplary good sense, will be found on pages 39-41 of my book, *Craigavon: Ulsterman*. A year or two earlier, there was a row in a small town in Donegal because a Protestant has been made postmaster. It was, apparently, dangerous to the faith and morals of a Donegal Catholic to receive a penny stamp or a postcard from the hands of a Presbyterian!

About five or six weeks ago, the Rev. Dr. Felim O'Briain, Professor of Philosophy in University College, Galway, addressing a Social Study Summer School in Galway, complained bitterly that a Protestant, William M'Mullen, was Secretary of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. 'Up to this year', the reverend father said, 'the leader of our biggest trade union group was a non-Catholic from the North of Ireland. This man was, no doubt, a good man and an honest man, but one who could not be expected to put into practice the injunctions of Papal social teachings. The fact that such a man was elected by Irish Catholic trade unionists showed a serious lack of knowledge of, and loyalty to, Catholic principles in the matter of politics and trade unionism'.—Yours, etc.,

Seaton ST. JOHN ERVINE

Sir,—Have your controversialists overlooked the following facts? That the Roman Church has recently permitted a Roman Catholic architect to design the Church of England or

Protestant Cathedral at Liverpool, where heresies, according to the Roman Church, may be taught. That Roman Catholic booksellers are permitted to sell and show on their shelves books against the R.C. faith and heretical and even atheistical volumes. That recently an R.C. Duke, the Earl Marshall, was permitted to organise and take a prominent part in the Coronation ceremony and service at the Abbey in which the Sovereign promised to uphold the Protestant faith, while at the same ceremony the Papal Nuncio had perforce to remain outside the Abbey. Surely here in Britain now is indeed evidence of great toleration on the part of the Roman Church, to the uninitiated even a suggestion of indifference in that Church's part to the doings of its members. Other instances could also be given.—Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth B. CLAYTON

Moving Mountains

Sir,—Mr. Hellier finds my attitude 'naive'—because I referred him to a cousin in London for the details of my grandmother's healing of cancer, including the name of the Harley Street specialist who diagnosed it as such. Oddly enough, it seems to me a little 'naive' for Mr. Hellier, instead of pursuing his investigation, simply to assume that the original diagnosis must have been in error.

In fact, I find evidence of almost incredible naivety in the fact that after eighty years of multiplied instances of healing of every sort by means of Christian Science there are still sceptics who have taken no pains to inform themselves of the available facts on this subject and who still find it easier to explain these thousands upon thousands of cases as the results of faulty diagnosis, coincidence, self-delusion, or what-not.

There are now many people who are second-, third-, or even fourth-generation Christian Scientists. There are among the ranks of Christian Science professional people of high standing, lawyers, teachers, journalists, physicists, and others trained to evaluate evidence with care and intellectual integrity. There are even a number of former doctors and surgeons, including some who have ranked high in their profession, who have become Christian Scientists and who have had an opportunity to observe and compare results; these have borne witness to the greater efficacy of Christian Science in healing organic as well as other kinds of disease.

It may be possible for a determined enough critic to insist in any given case that some other explanation is possible, that it 'might have happened anyway', or that the background evidence is incomplete. After all, the Founder of Christianity said: 'Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead'. But it is impossible to explain away the gigantic phenomenon of world-wide Christian Science healing, which has raised thousands from death-beds and has overcome in thousands more, including the present writer, the natural incredulity which the positivistic mind feels in regard to scientific spiritual power.—Yours, etc.,

Boston, Mass. ROBERT PEEL

Sir,—It has been implied in recent letters in THE LISTENER that Christian Science was derived from the teachings of Phineas Quimby. Mr. Quimby was a mesmerist to whom Mary Baker Eddy went as a patient some years before she discovered Christian Science. She derived temporary benefit and has written appreciatively of his character. But he and his methods were not the origin of Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy's discovery of Christian Science in 1866 was the result of her recovery from serious injuries caused by a fall. This experience led her to an intensive study of the Bible, as a result of which she found the spiritual laws underlying the healing work of Christ Jesus and his disciples.

Christian Science treatment is the application to human needs of spiritual law through prayer. It does not include hypnotism or mesmerism, or the control of one human mind over another, and is not, therefore, derived from any system of mesmerism or auto-suggestion.

The allegation that Mrs. Eddy and her husband were convicted of an attempt to murder an opponent is quite untrue. No such charge was ever made against Mrs. Eddy, though an accusation of conspiracy to murder was made against her husband. The charge was abandoned by the authorities and later shown to be baseless. The facts can be found in the *Life of Mary Baker Eddy* by Sybil Wilbur.

The prosperity of the Christian Science Church, which one correspondent decries, is itself evidence that many thousands all over the world have found in Christian Science not only healing, but peace and lasting religious conviction.

Christian Science is essentially religious in its outlook and is not concerned solely with physical healing, though open-minded and impartial investigation shows that it does heal what are classed as serious and malignant diseases. Christian Science regards healing as the 'signs following' spoken of in the Gospel, and Christian Scientists are prepared to be judged by their works and their lives. When John the Baptist sent one of his disciples to Jesus with the enquiry, 'Art thou he that should come or look we for another?', Jesus replied, 'Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached'.

Referring to the power of Truth to heal today as in the time of our Master, Mrs. Eddy wrote: 'Now, as then, signs and wonders are wrought in the metaphysical healing of physical disease; but these signs are only to demonstrate its divine origin—to attest the reality of the higher mission of the Christ-power to take away the sins of the world' (*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, page 150).—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2 COLIN R. EDDISON
Christian Science Committee
on Publication

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR,
THE LISTENER]

The 3rd Marquess of Salisbury

Sir,—The opening paragraph of A. P. Ryan's talk on Lord Salisbury of the 1830-1903 days refers to the accusation of Conservatives belonging to the stupid party. This accusation originated, and was denied, in a speech by John Stuart Mill replying to Sir John Pakenham during a debate on the Representation of the People Bill, on May 31, 1866. Mill said:

I did not mean that Conservatives are generally stupid. I meant that stupid persons are generally conservative. I believe that to be so obvious and undeniable a fact that I hardly think any gentleman will question it. Now, if any party in addition to whatever share it may possess of the ability of the community, has nearly the whole of its stupidity, that party, I apprehend, must, by the law of its constitution, be the stupidest party. And I do not see why any Hon. gentlemen should feel that position at all offensive to them: for it ensures their being always an extremely powerful party.

Mill admitted that 'half knowledge has a tendency to Liberalism . . . There is an uncertainty about half-informed people. You cannot count upon them. But there is a dense solid force in sheer stupidity—such, that a few able men with that force pressing behind them, are assured of victory in many a struggle; and many a victory the Conservative Party have owed to that force'.—Yours, etc.,

Haslemere E. A. HARLOW-JONES

Art

A Tribute to Matthew Smith

BRYAN ROBERTSON reviews the retrospective exhibition at the Tate Gallery

MATTHEW SMITH is seventy-four. The Trustees of the Tate Gallery have honoured him with a retrospective exhibition of eighty-one pictures, ranging from a 'Self Portrait' of 1909, when the artist was thirty, to a 'Quinces and Pomegranates' still life of 1952. The selection of pictures is brilliant and their presentation could not be more revealing. There is an admirable and unusually informative catalogue and the exhibition is free to the public. The Trustees could not have made any gesture better calculated to give pleasure to everybody than this detailed assessment of Matthew Smith's contribution to British art, which has been noble and unique.

Pastels and drawings have been excluded from the show for reasons of space, and though they are often delicate and lovely it is possible that their presence would have detracted from the cumulative impact of the three rooms of paintings. This impact is tremendous and leaves one with the feeling that Matthew Smith is practically the only artist of real stature painting in England today, for it is impossible to think of him as a writer or poet, as a psychologist or a propagandist of any kind: all his pictures bring about an acute consciousness of the totally unambiguous and extraordinary process of painting. An apt tribute is paid to this great quality by Francis Bacon, in the catalogue. It is an uncommon quality in English painting. One can think of Gainsborough, Constable and Turner and then one's thoughts are quickly engulfed by the great body of English artists who have produced only coloured drawings, or paintings in which the use of paint is subservient to the image, or in which the colour is both arbitrary and an afterthought: the intellectual, conscious decoration of an entirely linear conception of form and space.

In his paintings of women and interiors, fruit, flowers and landscape, Matthew Smith has persistently sought to synthesise completely the quality of his paint and his use of the brush with a kind of visionary essence of the subject. This has not always been achieved; but his startling use of rich, opulent colour invariably covers the gap in those pictures which are only partially successful. The occasional misfires are usually brought about by an uneven sense of form; but when everything comes together—form, construction, quality of paint and colour—the results are superb and have a rare ferocity and power. There is no feeling of strain or labour: one is unconscious of the means and the glowing vision is there on the canvas, urgent and immediate, as if it had suddenly materialised.

The use of colour is extremely subtle. It is not only dramatic and sumptuous and related emotionally to the subject; it is the most functional element in all his pictures, defining space, co-ordinating or separ-

ating planes and creating an entirely convincing and integrated harmony or world within the frame. This use of colour and the feeling for light, which is either blazing and astringent or equally intense but lower keyed and rather claustrophobic, are gifts which Matthew Smith has always possessed, though they did not find their fullest expression until the 'twenties. They have been imposed upon everything that he has

painted since, to the exclusion of a genuine feeling for place in his landscapes. Such an identification would have been an additional barrier between the vision of the subject and its realisation. It is an emotional conception of the south of France or Cornwall that confronts us in his landscapes, implacable and predetermined.

The paintings of nudes and still life seem in general to be more purely instinctive and fully realised than the landscapes. The view of 'Mont Saint-Victoire', for example, painted in 1932, has a curious indecision in the handling of pigment: a conflict between the thin, glowing sensuality of Bonnard and the dynamic and rougher brushwork of a more Expressionist painter. The separation

of planes of colour in the foreground from the contour lines of the mountain itself are also not fully convincing. But one or two other landscapes, such as the serene painting of 1935 from Mrs. Cazalet-Keir's collection, stand comparison with the finest pictures of interiors or still life, and the early Cornish landscapes of 1920 are among the most satisfying of all the pictures in the exhibition, particularly 'Cornish Landscape with Monkey-Puzzle'. These paintings have a less restricted interest in design and pattern, and the dark mauves and greens are beautifully calculated.

When one remembers that Matthew Smith was born in 1879, the period of Whistler and Conder, and that the New English Art Club was founded in 1885 and flourished during his formative years, his accomplishment and originality seem all the more remarkable. He has punctured the tepid intellectual gentility of much English painting and introduced a completely new note of exuberance and liberation, founded on the work of the Fauves. The exhibition at the Tate Gallery, which includes a copy of an Ingres painting but not the El Greco studies, shows clearly his kinship with the European tradition, notably in such paintings as the 'Couleur de Rose' of 1924; the 'Nude' of 1924 from Miss Fiona Smith's collection; 'The Two Sisters' of c. 1930, perhaps the most flawless picture in the exhibition; the 'Nude with a Pearl Necklace' of 1931; and the 'Seated Nude' of 1944, lent by Sir Colin Anderson. In such works Matthew Smith has demonstrated, in a more convincing and sustained manner than any other artist, the possibility of English painting contributing again to the great stream of European art.



'Nude with a Pearl Necklace' (1931), by Matthew Smith

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The B.B.C. From Within

By Lord Simon of Wythenshawe.
Gollancz. 16s.

LORD SIMON OF WYTHENSHAW was Chairman of the Board of Governors of the B.B.C. for five years and during his period of office he collected material with a view to writing a book about the constitution and work of the Corporation. When at the time of the publication of the Charter of 1952 the Conservative Government declared its intention of changing the traditional policy of the Government towards broadcasting, at any rate so far as television broadcasting was concerned, Lord Simon decided to add a discussion of commercial broadcasting and the problems of monopoly.

Seldom can so authoritative a book have been written among the dozens of books that have appeared about the B.B.C. The constitution, the articulation, the day-to-day organisation is fully described and Lord Simon has even invoked the assistance of members of the staff and outside critics to make his picture complete. Besides the facts and figures, ranging over every aspect of the Corporation's work, one may read how the Board of Governors set about choosing a head of television, how the staff enjoys its work, and about problems of efficiency and enterprise. Lord Simon writes, for example:

Recently all the officials concerned desired to get rid of a junior executive. He appealed to everybody right up to the Board of Governors. It took six months and wasted a great deal of time of many high officials before this change, necessary for efficiency, was accomplished, needless to say on fair and even generous terms.

While the first half of the book is of great documentary value the personality of the author also clearly emerges. He tells us how after he was appointed Chairman

I talked to perhaps 200 members of the staff; getting to know many of them well. This had not been done by previous Chairmen and no doubt, if unwisely done, might be dangerous. But I always explained to them that I hoped they would talk freely to me in order to help me to understand the B.B.C., subject always to avoiding anything in the nature of direct or indirect criticism of their superiors, and, of course, I never dreamt of giving any instructions . . .

He relates frankly the episode of his cancelling the repeat of the television play 'Party Manners' and concludes that 'quite obviously no Chairman will ever dream of doing anything of the sort again'. Nevertheless he is in sympathy with the recommendation of the Beveridge Committee that the powers of the Governors should be strengthened *vis-à-vis* the Director-General and thinks 'It was quite wrong that any one man, whatever his ability, should be allowed to be in effect the sole dictator of the B.B.C.' He would therefore like the Chairman of the Board to be appointed for ten years with an apprenticeship of two years as Deputy Chairman. He admits, however, that no exact parallel can be found in the relationship between the Chairman and the Director-General in any other public or semi-public body in this country. But while he would like the position of the Chairman to be strengthened, he is against his taking over executive functions. If the Chairman did that, he argues, not only would he seriously undermine the responsibility of the Director-General, but he would tend to become as powerful as Lord Reith was, but with the difference that there would be no Board of Governors over him to see that he did not go wrong and no one except the Government to dismiss him.

Lord Simon then, while friendly enough to

the B.B.C. (a public institution 'universally admitted by informed opinion to be undoubtedly ahead of any other in the world'), is far from being uncritical. He thinks that there is a tendency towards complacency and a reluctance to learn from foreign models, for instance, the Swiss and the Americans. He shows that the American networks have a particular advantage in the provision of news commentators and of course on the vast sums of money they have to spend; for example, one network may spend more on a single Variety show than the B.B.C. spends on the whole of its Variety in a given year. On the other hand, he points out that the best American network will only broadcast in sound as much music in a year as the B.B.C. broadcasts in a single week. He has some illuminating remarks to make, too, on the relations between the so-called 'editors' and supply departments within the Corporation; and tells us how Sir Stuart Wilson, when he was Head of Music, alone managed to secure a modification of an arrangement which many people consider only to work because of give-and-take among the personalities concerned.

In Chapter XIX Lord Simon searchingly discusses the question whether the B.B.C. is 'dangerously powerful' and in Chapter XX other criticisms of monopoly, whether it tends to complacency, partiality, inefficiency and so on. He describes in detail the means that the B.B.C. employs for keeping in touch with the demands of its listeners and viewers both nationally and locally and reaches the conclusion, as did the majority of the Beveridge Committee, that the dangers and disadvantages, the inevitable faults of what Lord Reith called the 'brute force' of monopoly, have been grossly exaggerated.

Finally, Lord Simon examines the case for commercial broadcasting after he has described the various systems that exist elsewhere, notably in the United States and Canada, which he visited when he was Chairman of the B.B.C. He concludes that he is 'utterly convinced that it is calamitous to allow the profit motive of the radio industry and of the advertisers to determine what is to be broadcast and how . . .'. Whatever opinions may be held on this controversial political question, anyone who is seriously interested in it must read Lord Simon's well arranged and deeply informed book.

An Idea Conquers the World

By Count Coudenhove-Kalergi.
Hutchinson. 21s.

'The resuscitation of the Pan-European idea is largely identified with Count Coudenhove-Kalergi', writes Sir Winston Churchill in his Preface to *An Idea Conquers the World*. 'The form of his theme may be crude, erroneous and impracticable but the impulse and the inspiration are true'. In the pursuit of his ideal, Count Coudenhove shows himself to be as credulous as a child. He takes all sorts of humbugs on trust and he is deceived by every kind of mountebank. Yet, as G. K. Chesterton once said, a god-like gullibility is the key to all adventures. 'To be taken in everywhere is to see the inside of everything. With torches and trumpets, like a guest, the greenhorn is taken in by Life. And the sceptic is cast out by it'.

Count Coudenhove was still a young man when the idea of Pan Europe gripped his heart and mind. His mixed ancestry—Flemish, Austrian, Greek, and Japanese—and his cosmopolitan upbringing in the Austro-Hungarian Empire convinced him of the limiting futility of mere

nationalism. He conceived it to be his duty to help the peoples of Europe to throw off the bonds of race and nation and to establish loftier and less parochial loyalties in a Continent broken by war. He has devoted the whole of his life to this task, as he tells us in his autobiography.

An adventurous pertinacity drove him on. With it, there went a breath-taking political innocence that seems to have touched the leathery hearts, for a fraction of time, of even the toughest politicians. Mussolini is sympathetic; Loucheur shows understanding; Dr. Wirth and an assortment of German business tycoons are friendly; and in Washington some of the unlikely Senators are enthusiastic. Count Coudenhove emerges apparently unscathed from this jungle. In his final chapter he records the first meeting of the Council of Europe. But he is not satisfied. 'To carry on the idea of the United States of Europe', he writes, 'it [is] necessary to organise the federalist forces within the Assembly'.

Count Coudenhove's book is not a history of the European movement; it is not an autobiography in the usual sense of the word; it is, at times, irritatingly discursive. Yet it leaves an agreeable impression on the mind. There is an unusual charm about the author's tribute to his Japanese mother, and about his nostalgic account of his early life in the old Austria.

The Making of the Modern Sudan: the Life and Letters of Sir Douglas Newbold, K.B.E.

By K. D. D. Henderson. Faber. 30s.

Douglas Newbold obtained the Sudan Political Service in 1920; he rose to be governor of an important province, and in 1939 he became head of the administration as Civil Secretary, a post which he held until his premature death in 1945. The relevance of the inclusion of this biographical study in a series of 'colonial and comparative studies' lies in the fact that it deals in an informal manner with problems and principles more often discussed in blue books and academic treatises. Miss Margery Perham, who contributes a valuable introduction, reminds us that Newbold was 'one of a service from which he drew many of his administrative virtues even if he enhanced them with his own qualities', a service moreover which allowed him 'to act freely within it and to find promotion to the top of its ranks'. But the Sudan Political Service has not been conspicuously articulate in formulating its ideals and its attitude to first principles. Newbold's enquiring mind never ceased to examine the significance of what he was doing and to try to work out for himself a philosophy of colonial government and of personal relations with backward peoples. His reflections embodied in his correspondence and in various lectures and memoranda form the serious core of the book.

Like every good biography the volume contains much of human interest. The letters *ad familiares*, full of esoteric allusions and school-boyish slang, reveal the writer as an attractive personality with a gift for friendship and an engaging sense of humour. The list of correspondents includes Arabs and Africans to whom he offered his friendship without a trace of race-consciousness, and whose affection and confidence he valued highly. As a young district commissioner he thoroughly enjoyed life amongst a people not yet conscious of national aspirations, a people to whom the things that really mattered were women and horses and camels and crops and grazing-grounds. There was time

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for adventurous exploration in the Libyan desert in search of a fabled oasis, and for excursions into archaeology. The intrusion of the central government with the red tape of its bureaucratic machine was resented with the fervour of the front-line soldier's dislike of 'brass-hats'. Khartoum with its departments and its 'Kensington life' was an enervating place ('287 wives do not create inspiration except of the wrong kind; they dull the edge of their husbands' vision'). Yet when promotion brought greater responsibilities Newbold realised that there was an international and a political background to the apparently simple task of maintaining law and order amongst charming and unsophisticated Arabs.

His term of office as Civil Secretary coincided with the second world war, and the letters of this period give a vivid picture of a harassing time from which the Sudan, under the guidance of such men as the late Sir Hubert Huddleston and Douglas Newbold, emerged with a fine record of achievement. The threat of an Italian invasion with immensely superior forces was a source of grave anxiety, and their failure to press home the attack is one of the unsolved riddles of the war. When the tide of battle turned, the Sudan Defence Force, greatly expanded beyond its peace-time establishment, won high distinction on the battlefields of Eritrea. The Sudan almost overnight became a vital link in strategic communications, and the parochial quiet of Khartoum was disturbed by an unceasing stream of important visitors ranging from the Emperor of Abyssinia to British cabinet ministers and Turkish ambassadors and American experts.

Newbold was anxious that preoccupation with problems of the war should not deflect the administration from its course, which was to end in Sudanese self-government. The political consciousness of an educated *élite* had been energised by the war and the promise of independence was read into the Atlantic Charter. Newbold was now able to see the problem of the Sudan as part of the wider issues of British policy *vis-à-vis* the Arab and African world, and his mind dwelt on what he called the New Deal in colonial administration which implied progressive steps towards self-government, the removal of the colour-bar, and the substitution of partnership for trusteeship. His sympathy with Sudanese aspirations did not blind him to the fact that the road to nationhood is a long and painful one: he laid great stress on the importance of a healthy and vigorous local government as the foundation of a healthy and vigorous body politic, and he was aware that very much remained to be done in the field of education.

The process of evolution which Newbold had in mind was overtaken by events. The intervention of Egypt, first by repudiating the condominium agreement and later, under a new government, by outbidding the British partner in separate negotiations with the Sudanese political parties, created a new situation, and the transference of full powers to a Sudanese government in the near future is now the agreed policy of both Britain and Egypt. Readers of Newbold's Life and Letters will conclude that he would have viewed these developments with grave misgivings.

The editing of the letters by Mr. K. D. D. Henderson, a friend and colleague in the Sudan Political Service, deserves a high meed of praise. He has supplied connecting texts to fill in gaps in the narrative, and a postscript reviewing events in the Sudan since 1945.

Sailing to Freedom

By Voldemar Veedam and Carl B. Wall. Phoenix House. 12s. 6d.

Just after the war sixteen Estonians, including women and children, sailed from Sweden to America in a 37-foot sloop, to realise the hopeful

dream of becoming prosperous, politically secure, and free from the N.K.V.D. Threatened with deportation to Russia from a refugee camp near Stockholm, and with little money, together they bought a seventy-year-old hull patched with copper and plugged by the glue that exudes from the bodies of black ants in decayed timber, and fitted it out for an Atlantic crossing. Only two of the sixteen were seamen. To this residue of ordinary middle-class families from 'the great rye-fields of northern Estonia', or 'the shady, peaceful lawns of the University of Tartu', swept alternately by the armies and police of Germany and Russia, the ocean, with its immediate risk of drowning, was preferable to life-long political terror. They had to go. They were uprooted, unwanted except by Russia, and had lost everything that a settled family or country can provide. Obviously America was the place, and the personal salvation which attracted these unfortunate wrecks of eastern Europe sustained them on a voyage that for any lesser reason would have been lamentably foolish.

It is appropriate that the record of this journey by brave, ordinary people with their old mothers and tiny children, should be told without attempts at heroics, in a simple, factual way. It could so easily have been 'written up'. A day-to-day journal of the voyage would have been more effective, but the false notes of over-rigged recollection seldom interfere. These people in their scarcely sea-worthy boat were helpless in the hurricanes that swept them off the coast of Florida. They appear to have slept knee-to-chin and back to back; the sea poured through the cracks in the caulking after every pounding by breakers, gales overtook them before they had time to reef the mainsail, the engine always broke down when it was needed, and the food and water was used up to the last crumb and cup of brackish fluid. It was happy for them, and symbolic, that in this state they were relieved by an American destroyer, which threw down cigarettes, brandy, gloves, diesel oil, hams, charts and water *gratis*, saving them from certain death. But though there was bickering, for one man ate onions which his bedfellow detested, and the women quarrelled as to which of their husbands was captain and would not speak, the children cheered everybody by playing happily on deck, and cried out when 'Uncle' Paul dived overboard in mid-Atlantic to pick up a bucket he had dropped, and was fast going out of sight before the boat could manoeuvre to save him.

And now that they are in America? There is no indication that they have failed to find the simple happiness which they struggled for and deserved after a harsh and awful lesson in humility and caution at sea.

The Story of Axel Munthe. By Gustaf Munthe and Gudrun Uexküll. Murray. 18s.

Axel Munthe was already seventy-one when *The Story of San Michele* was published in 1929. No book published in this century has had quite such an impact on the world. It was translated into thirty-eight languages and the publishers announce that the seventy-fifth impression of the book in English sold faster even than those of the first years of its appearance. Axel Munthe is far more than the writer of a best seller. He is a mystery, a myth, a social phenomenon.

As a man he overstrode national boundaries. He was born and died in Sweden; he studied medicine and made his name as a doctor in France; he settled in Italy and linked his name inextricably with Capri; and he married an Englishwoman, wrote most of his books in English, and was a fervent supporter of the British cause in the first world war. He fought the cholera in Naples and tended slum patients

free; and he was physician to the Queen of Sweden, a position which called more for diplomacy than physic. He cut across social barriers as he did across frontiers. He was no writer, he protested, and no doctor; despite the fact that his writing had a most dramatic adeptness and his medical knowledge was profound. His protestations are not affected, because more than anything else, he was a man, *homo sapiens Europeanus*. What gave him and his writing savour was his sense of the dramatic, of what to leave out in order to highlight what he left in. This made him at the same time something more than the average man and something less. His behaviour, as much as his stories, had the crispness of fiction; one feels that his genius as a personality consisted largely in the ability to edit his impulses.

Gustaf Munthe, his cousin, and Baroness Gudrun Uexküll, his friend, have set themselves the task not of explaining the mystery or exploring the social phenomenon but of annotating the myth, of putting in book form the glosses which the margins of *The Story of San Michele* are too narrow to hold. The result is rather strange, because neither of them has the genius in presenting Axel Munthe that Munthe had in presenting himself. It is the same man, clearly, but seen rather in faded snapshots than in the author's brilliantly coloured pictures of himself. Yet it is precisely in this amateurishness that the quality of these memoirs resides. Munthe the man, whose real character in his own work is rendered rather suspect by reason of the virtuosity of Munthe the showman, emerges far more authentic from the artless tribute of these two who knew him.

The Life and Good Times of William Hearst. By John Tebbel. Gollancz. 16s.

The late Mr. Hearst did not hide his light under a bushel. A biography which tried to whitewash him would exasperate, while a series of moral judgments would be a crashing bore. Mr. Tebbel (who is vice-chairman of the Department of Journalism at New York University) has visibly tried to be scrupulously fair to the object of his researches. And he has produced an excellent book—readable, -informative, and witty. Above all Mr. Tebbel is charitable. It is this quality of charity which drives one constantly forward in quest of the real man—the human being behind the wealth, the succession of extravaganzas, the wrong-headedness, and the pathological self-centredness which made up the man's outward life. Hearst had no doubts and no fears; he was 'stiff in opinions, always in the wrong', but quite unconscious of it. He preached lofty principles and seemed unaware that he did not practise them. He enjoyed his wealth to the full, both for the huger-mugger of acquisitions it brought him and for the illusion of power which it gave him. For it was an illusion. Within the Hearst kingdom, of course, Hearst was all-powerful; he commanded and expected obedience. Many strange personal services were demanded of high executives and newspaper editors. The editor of the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* evinced no surprise when he received the following telegram: 'In a box car near a water tank about a mile west of Kansas City is a bawling black and white spotted calf. Bill (Hearst's son) wants the darned thing'. The editor found it and bought it.

But while those within the Hearst kingdom obeyed, the outer world proved less tractable. The failure of Hearst to exercise any real or lasting influence over public opinion in the United States (at any rate on vital issues) is striking tribute to the inherent sense of the American man in the street. He pandered to the lowest tastes of the public, to a greater extent,



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probably, than anyone hitherto, and the circulation of his papers soared. But the millions who bought Hearst papers for their scandals and stunts remained curiously immune to their political message. Hearst helped to start the Cuban war—but then only because he was advocating something the American public wanted. How otherwise can one explain his total failure to influence the public against entry into each of the two world wars? His ventures into the political arena were disastrous failures—except when he helped to put Roosevelt into power,

whom the public wanted. He relied on the power of money and his newspapers to win political victories, at a time when American politics were a jungle in which only the most experienced professionals could find their way. His own political principles are difficult to define, for he allied himself with different groups at different times—and antagonised them all. Having failed either to become President or to make Presidents, he was at the end no longer a power even in his own back-garden, California. His passing was treated with the respect accorded to a monu-

ment of a dead age. It is a tribute to Mr. Tebbel's qualities as a biographer that in spite of the many deplorable features of Hearst's long career, one feels on putting down this book a certain compassion at the barrenness and futility of this strange life. Both newspaper tycoons and those who are inclined to generalise about the power of the press over public opinion would profit from a reading of this admirable biography.

The price of *A Dictionary of New Words in English*, by Paul C. Berg, published by Allen and Unwin and reviewed in our issue of August 27, should have been given as 12s. 6d.

New Novels

The Time of Indifference. By Alberto Moravia. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

A Different Face. By Olivia Manning. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

The Lesser Infortune. By Rayner Heppenstall. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Take it to Heart. By Kathleen Farrell. Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.

INTIMATE knowledge of the workings of the mind of the other sex is frequently to be found in latin novelists. One reason for this is, no doubt, that brothers and sisters are not segregated in their education, as we are in England, but are brought up together, and thus obtain a better, if unconscious, knowledge of one another. It is this *unconscious* knowledge (in any domain) that is essential to the novelist. And it is this knowledge, of how women think, that impresses me most in Signor Moravia's first novel, *The Time of Indifference*, written at the age of twenty-two, and here presented to the English public in another excellent translation by Angus Davidson. Moravia's precocity is, remarkable: already we see the unforced irony and acute observation that later made *The Woman of Rome* and *Conjugal Love* two of the finest novels of our time. This book is inevitably autobiographical, describing the characteristic of indifference in a young man, his inability to feel strongly in any direction, in hate, love, work or play, in spite of (or perhaps as a result of) acute intelligence and sensibility. He is surrounded by women, his mother, his sister, his would-be mistress—all living in a drab bourgeois milieu, all dominated by an unprepossessing but rich business man who makes love alternately to mother and daughter, having earlier been the lover of the mistress. Observing all this, the young hero feels he should react strongly—to the duping of his mother, the degradation of his sister, the insult to himself. And with the appropriate jealousy. But he cannot. He remains always luke-warm. So, like a Stendhalian character, he determines on action at all costs. This alone, he believes with his latin logic, will prevent him falling back into that deadly indifference which seems to distinguish him from other men. He buys a revolver with which to shoot the unromantic business man.

'What a beautiful world it must have been', he says to himself, 'when a wronged husband could cry to his faithless wife, "Wicked woman! With your life you shall pay the penalty of your guilt!"', when people did not think so much and the first impulse was always a good one; when life was not ridiculous, as it is now, but tragic, and death was death indeed, and people killed and hated and loved seriously, and shed real tears for real woes, and all men were made of real flesh and blood and rooted in reality as trees are in the earth'.

In addition to this study of indifference we have, even more powerfully depicted, the secret ambitions and lusts of women, at various stages in their emotional development. It will require women themselves to judge how true it is, but, to one member of the male sex at least, it seemed extraordinarily, almost embarrassingly, well set

down. Love of money, love of sex, love of security—the women, at various ages, coldly weigh up relative values and act accordingly, sometimes wisely, sometimes foolishly, always selfishly. And over all, controlling them through his purse, is the fatuous business man who alone really knows what he wants—and who alone gets it. It is not surprising that the twenty-two year old author of such a study of women could later write *The Woman of Rome*.

Miss Manning has also attempted a detailed study of a member of the other sex, a young man who returns, after several years absence abroad, to the scenes of his youth. In *A Different Face* she has been less ambitious than Moravia (omitting, for instance, much of the strong carnal side which distinguishes the Italian's writing), but if her range is narrow her craft is considerable, and she has great understanding of the male mentality. That the male should not be a particularly interesting or remarkable young man is her intention—a heavy, fog-bound Anglo-Saxon who makes no attempt at latin action to solve his problems, but wanders about disconsolately in a dreary seaside town in the rain, lamenting in a mawkish way that he has been swindled (he has invested his small capital in a school which has foundered); looking for an air-raid shelter where his mother got blown up; visiting the last home of his father; spending his last few pennies in a pub—all the time chewing the cud of his unattractive past. He remembers his school-days, his first dances, his tepid romances. Miss Manning succeeds admirably in conveying the drabness and gloom of our seaside towns and their inhabitants. 'As November set in', she says, 'a sort of permanent fog of cold filled the house so that the walls and woodwork had the icy dampness of a toad. The windows had probably not been cleaned since the school's failure. They were so murky, the interior of the house was dark by early afternoon'. She writes well and her psychological study is excellent. But it is probably best read during a surfeit of sunshine on the Riviera.

Mr. Heppenstall, who revealed himself under the sign of Saturn in an earlier book, has here transferred to Mars—but he retains a good deal of his saturnine character. 'Military service', he says, 'is a form of death. The greatcoat is a winding-sheet, impenetrable and full of dignity if the face is properly covered'. His book, *The Lesser Infortune*, is simply an account of a man's separation from his wife, of the futile occupations of inactive service, and of the psychiatric hospital into which he is, in desperation, driven. It is frequently funny. In the Army loony-bin he comes under the head psychiatrist, Major Hougham, who, 'belonged to the behaviourist school and was regarded as the

greatest authority in the world on bed-wetting'. A host of other comic characters pass before us and the book, for all its querulousness, is an excellent picture of the life of the conscript, for our times. Mr. Heppenstall writes well; he talks somewhere of those who, 'use words to make the world about them quiver with life', and because he is a poet, he frequently does so himself. It is natural that such a man should loathe any form of regimentation; and although we have the impression, between the lines, that the Army treated him with surprising tolerance (for he was a great scrimshanker), he hasn't one good word to say for it. His fellow-soldiers are morons, his officers a group of heavy-witted near-gentlemen full of unctuous Cromwellian cant. I am not suggesting that he should see the Army in patriotic terms. Patriotism is a word of many colours—and all nations are odious. But some are more odious than others. Mr. Heppenstall makes no attempt to see this. As we of his generation read this evocation of the tedium and the fright we suffered ten years ago, all we have is a feeling of man's futility; we feel only that sense of shame in the human race, in its denseness and obtuseness, so well conveyed by a number of bystanders gazing open-mouthed at the changing of the guard, or at an army convoy going by. But then, as I say, the convoy *has* to go by, whether you like it or not. However, that has nothing to do with literature; and there is no question that this saturnine but amusing book has a small niche in the literature of the second world war.

Miss Farrell has written a charming study of unrequited love. I use the hackneyed word deliberately, because 'charming' conveys something of the grace and delicacy, as well as the lack of power, which often belongs to female writers. She has transmuted a suffering she has known, has felt or seen, into her own particular brand of restrained sentiment. I found something intensely sad and moving about *Take it to Heart*, as of a star-crossed Tess, condemned before the story starts. By its very quietness and understatement it converted me (after I had been irritated by the flabbiness of the opening scene). It is, as the publishers accurately describe, the story of a girl's intense, bewildered love and its encounter with the inadequate, self-protective heart of a young man, certain only of what he does not want. And the other characters are also seeking the promised land which so few enter, where one loves and is loved. Miss Farrell shows us the famous platitude, which is ever new, that there is always one who loves more than the other—and that this is Tyranny.

ANTHONY RHODES

This is the last of Mr. Anthony Rhodes' novel reviews. On September 24 Mr. Graham Hough takes over.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Wanted—a Weather Man

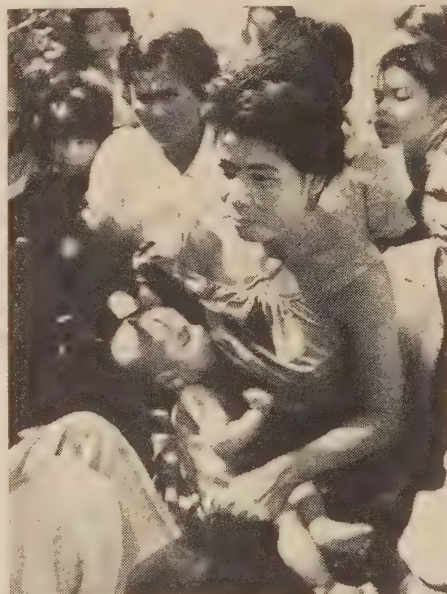
RECOILING FROM THE THOUGHT of infallibility in weather forecasting, I was heartened last week, taking time off for cricket, by proof that the experts can still be considerably wide of their advertised marks. Drizzle, they said. Instead, a day of almost undimmed glory. Were I a to-view-shipping-one-penny impresario on Brighton front, or a less than ordinarily independent-minded farmer, my feelings might be otherwise. Virtuosity in meteorological prediction does not interest the naive majority of us. To be or not to be fine tomorrow? That is a simple proposition to which television apparently can address itself only in the jargon of professional equivocation. If we cannot have the straight answer, let us at least be told why the weather we have just had takes official precedence over the weather we are about to have. 'The next chart shows on a larger scale . . . ' Every night, I am prepared to swear, millions of us viewers are bored by the first chart and the recital which goes with it. Will it rain or shine tomorrow: yes or no or both? Please, a little less beating about the Shepherd's Bush.

To this modest and I believe widely supported appeal I attach a reservation that the present circumlocution may not be the fault of the B.B.C. but a fixation elsewhere. I remember that when an official weather expert came on television two years or so ago to explain the nightly weather charts to us, the effect was as if a drought had passed over our screens, so arid was his style. Why not Fred Streeter in that wise-acre role, or Bernard Miles with his wheel? There seems to be no reason why television should not have its weather man.

He was a Frenchman who said that women are a good idea badly carried out. The new programme series, 'Snapshot', calls for similar if less sardonic comment, with a saving clause that it is easy on the purse. Take some old news photographs, find someone who was there and someone else to be nice all round, and there you have it, a cosy, inexpensive little offering in the genre of the early *Tit-Bits*. The first 'Snapshot' edition, last week, really did look as if it belonged to the watch-the-birdie period of photography. Presiding, Donald McCullough was wreathed in the dismaying fog of the dark rooms of photographic antiquity. The effect was amusingly dated, which I assume was not the intention of the experienced producer, John Irwin. If every picture told a story as good as Charles Gibbs-Smith's about the lost Arctic balloon we could look forward with some confidence to what is to follow in the series.

The Unesco documentary film, 'World Without End' was a television event, making a handsome contribution to the more serious pleasures of viewing, though inevitably some of

its quality was sacrificed to the restrictions of the small screen. Even so, it succeeded in bringing us fine bold pictures of excitingly unfamiliar scenes and peoples so that we seemed to be participating in a new experience of life, the documentary film *raison d'être*. While reform is its message, the film is entirely non-priggish,



Stills from two documentary films shown in the television programme: Siamese mothers and children waiting for maternity and child welfare services, in 'World Without End' on August 31—

holding the attention by its attack on the senses as well as by its appeal to the intellect.

Two films of the week were taken out of the vaults of time to commemorate the fourteenth anniversary of the outbreak of war in 1939. The first was a G.P.O. Film Unit production,



—and 'Western Approaches' on September 3

by Calvacanti, recording the early days of trench digging and gas-mask distribution in London; the second, 'Western Approaches', a Battle of the Atlantic episode commercially treated. The first little film, with its worn and piping-sound track, was a perhaps too hurriedly contrived trap set to catch some living minutes which, it now appears, slipped through. Not all the drama of the 'Western Approaches' film has evaporated with the years, but there is a more evident self-consciousness in the playing of some of the parts, a weakness which no doubt the emotions of its time helped to conceal.

'Special Enquiry' found television tackling the shaming subject of illiteracy in the parent democracy of the British world, making its points with disturbing force at a moment when the news that the Minister of Education has been elevated to Cabinet rank is drowned by the screams of adolescents at the London Palladium in ecstatic worship of an American singer of what by most accounts are fatuously tasteless songs. Loosely put together and not always pictorially satisfactory, the programme set out its case with admirable precision. I was impressed by Robert Reid's manifest concern to be fair and by his never too heavily authoritative statement of the facts. He forgot to remind us that many of the illiterates he was telling us about have the vote.

The camera's trip to Bath with Basil Taylor and Sir Mortimer Wheeler provided good pictures, never quite matched by the accompanying talk. The National Swimming Championship races at Blackpool brought a thrill or two and vivid splashing pictures. The opening of the National Radio Show was routine stuff which no one seemed to be specially enjoying.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Song and Dance

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY is an ugly sight, but who will not understand my feelings this week, thinking of my colleague, Mr. Pound, splashing about in municipal swimming baths (while

I panted on 'Badger's Green' and similar deserts), not to say touring Bath itself, above all seeing a new, brand new, never-before-released film, 'World Without End', and watching all those elephants in Siam and those clouds and shores in far off Mexico? The only films I have a right to touch in this column—and then gingerly, like the relics of a Pharaoh's tomb, which might fall to pieces, so antique are they—are fictional films which date from the days when women wore skirts above the knee and hats like reversed flower pots. 'Wore' did I say? Rather 'wear': as the wheel of fashion comes full circle we shall be in the swim again, I suppose; but I would I were in the swim, with Miss Beulah Gundling at Blackpool baths or wherever all that cheering and echoing and hallooing has come from.

However, let us count our



'The Two Bouquets', excerpts from which were televised from the Piccadilly Theatre, London, on August 31. Left to right: Sara Gregory as Kate Gill (kneeling), Sonia Williams as Laura Rivers, Derek Oldham as Mr. Gill, and Hugh Paddock as Edward Gill



'Libel' on September 6, with John Gabriel as counsel for the defendants (standing, left), Pamela Alan as Lady Loddon, Sebastian Shaw as Sir Mark Loddon, M.P., the plaintiff (in the witness-box), and Harcourt Williams as Sir Arthur Tuttington, the judge

blessings; even if we did not have a Sunday play last week, merely a couple of snippets from the Blackpool and Edinburgh festivals respectively, we had some fairly cheerful stuff by the way. There was for instance an excerpt from 'The Two Bouquets', which I fancy might have given people who do not know this enchanting work—a runner up to 'Bitter Sweet' and in some ways a much more authentic Victorian pastiche, without a hint of condescension—a more vivid idea of what is going on in it than the sound broadcast of a few weeks back. At least it was not at all time wasted.

Transmissions from Earls Court have been on the whole amusing. I liked especially Miss Vanessa Lee, but then I always like her. I find Miss Lee a sympathetic personality and consider that she can really sing; the breath control and upper register of Yvonne Printemps is not hers, to be sure, nor the wit and variety of Yvette Guilbert; still, the performance is not hopelessly outside this top flight. There were tiresome moments; when, after great forethought, she wrinkled her nose at us and winked, like someone selling ice cream from the screen of a suburban cinema, or when she reminisced unduly about her parents whom she quite properly thinks the most wonderful couple in the world but were to us less lovable for having to have a number dedicated to them specially; but mostly she was very confident, strong in voice, singing strongly, neither crooning nor yowling nor mincing. I should enjoy a good production of 'The Merry Widow' on television, with this young lady as Frau Glawari.

From the exhibition too came a view of the Yugoslav dancers, stepping it out, hands linked, humming mysteriously to themselves, altogether very exciting and fiercely *folklorique*, which was something different from home-made folk-dancing which somehow contains too high a percentage of schoolmasters in braces and spectacles. But, though I hate to revert to the subject—the colour was sadly missing. I thought perhaps Miss Mary Malcolm, who introduced them, ought to have said something about this in the manner of a sound commentator I once heard who said 'How I wish you could see what the Begum' (whom she was interviewing) 'is wearing! What do you call that lovely work, Begum?' To which the artful Asiatic replied in the purest Roedean, 'We call it crochet!' Miss Mary Malcolm fell into no such traps; she

merely told us how very exciting it was that these people were there at Earls Court, as if they had just arrived from Mars.

Edward Wooll's court play, 'Libel', made excellent television material, as one had guessed. There was a problem, for us the viewers empanelled as jury, and decent theatrical suspense. Comparisons with such a recent documentary as 'The Course of Justice' produced also a verdict that this was theatrical to the point of melodrama very often, and that there was too much shifting about to give us 'striking' views of witness and counsel. The acting varied in standard; Harcourt Williams could not have been better as the old judge; John Gabriel as counsel for the defence was something too thrustingly sarcastic, but it was all competent enough, with Sebastian Shaw and Pamela Alan as the victims and George Skellan as their reliable counsel.

The last word this Sunday was with an animated quartet of singers from the Glyndebourne ensemble in an impromptu concert transmitted

from Edinburgh. It would have been charming to hear in any case, the programme of little numbers from the lost pages of early Italian opera being cunningly chosen, but it was also something to see, with its eye-rollings and vivacity. The opening trio in which the singers imitated instruments brought out the comic skill of Mme. Alda Noni, Juan Oncina, and Sesto Bruscantini; and a Rossini duet for two gondoliers' girls watching a race on the canal filled our screens with the charming sight of Cinderella's sisters, Mme. Noni and Fernanda Cadoni, carolling in canon.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

End and Beginning

AGAIN THE ADDRESS is Troy. If the new play, 'The Death of Hector' (Third), had been by anyone but Patric Dickinson, I might have trembled. We have had too much of the Trojan War in recent years; no doubt, for those who can see, Mr. Eliot has tucked away some cunning allusions to the campaign on the third or fourth storey of 'The Confidential Clerk'. Still, with Patric Dickinson, we are safe: he can find his path through Troy; he can re-create the classical characters without fussing them. In the new piece Hector is already dead. Shakespeare's Agamemnon, hearing the news, cried: 'Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended'. And in Mr. Dickinson's brief play Troy is clearly doomed: this is near the last, and we are left with the sound of a growing drum-beat.

Before this, Priam has gone—as in the last book of the Iliad—to beg the body of his son from Achilles. The tale is told without decoration, though the dramatist has given to the Hermes of Frank Duncan, quietly, beautifully spoken, a poem with the refrain, 'The waves break one by one. Count them, count them; stay awake', that will be among my first memories from the year's radio-drama. Mr. Dickinson has warned us that there is no conventional dramatic conflict, that the theme is elegiac. But this sad, shadowed play does more to bring before us the woes of falling Troy than any amount of sound-and-fury. Here, in the words of another poet, is 'Troy like a beaten drum, Muffled by age and night'. Once more too, as in 'The Wall of Troy', we notice Mr.



Dame Sybil Thorndike as Katherine of Aragon in 'This is Show Business' on September 5

Dickinson's emphasis on the power of vision: observe his new treatment of Cassandra (Mary Wimbush). Leon Quartermaine, who can summon Troy by repeating the name 'Hector', was Priam, royal in sorrow; and Val Gielgud presented the play fittingly.

Although, in 'People at Sea' (Home), it looks, at one stage, like the end for everybody, I think the casualty list is confined to three. This is the piece, one of Mr. Priestley's less-known, in which a dozen people drift about the Caribbean on a small and smouldering liner. The types on what the calm Englishwoman (acted staunchly by Gladys Young) calls 'this ridiculous cinder of a ship', have been hand-picked; the practised dramatist understands the need for suspense and the method of developing his characters. 'A lot of funny things happen at sea', one of them says, and practically everything that can happen to these people does. Peter Watts saw that it was fully clarified on the air, and there were such players as Miss Young; Carleton Hobbs, as a professor who happens to be a good shot; Anthony Jacobs, as a stateless nomad; and Mary Wimbush (now as a dangerous brand of lady's maid from Birmingham) to ensure that Mr. Priestley was suitably interpreted. And yet the piece is as curiously artificial as its names (Ashford Myricks, Carlo Velburg, Miriam Pick, and so on); it is a story being told to us in which we do not share. There are some plays in which, like E. Nesbit's children, we appear to look through the amulet to a land beyond, but (unlike the children) are unable to get through. This is one of the plays.

It has been Miss Wimbush's week. After hearing her in prophetic calm and in strident rebellion, I met her Rebecca West, woman from Finmark (in Ibsen's original draft she was called, sadly, Miss Dankett). Rebecca aids the fall of the House of Rosmer. Miss Wimbush had a strong certainty as the combination of New Woman and enigma who ends in the mill-race with one of Ibsen's over-charged idealists: nobody plays that kind of part better than Robert Harris, and the World Theatre revival of 'Rosmersholm', under Wilfrid Grantham, roused all the customary emotions, including a desire to meet the other play that Ibsen did not write, but which is over before 'Rosmersholm' begins. The only performance that worried me was the Ulric Brendel, where the actor flourished at the part without offering a likeness. And—a small point, maybe—I wish there had been a longer pause after Mrs. Helseth's final 'The dead wife has taken them both', before the voice of the announcer broke in.

A gulf lies between doom-and-decay and the children of 'A High Wind in Jamaica' (Home), the serial which is already at gale force, with the uninhibited infants displaying, in a phrase of Richard Hughes (their creator), 'the working of their mad little minds'. 'Heigh-ho!' exclaims somebody. 'What a to-do!' Yes, truly. I am happier with this at present than with 'Phineas Finn' (Home) in which we are revolving, rather stickily, in the higher circles. But one can usually trust Trollope; I have hopes of Episode Four. So, at length, to the alarmingly-timed but competently-managed 'Midday Music-Hall' (Home) in which Bob Monkhouse and Denis Goodwin were (I gathered) in fizzing spirits at high noon—especially the partner who impersonated a Professor rejuvenating himself at the microphone.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Home and Foreign

THERE WAS MUCH TALK of home matters last week, but not enough to prevent the B.B.C. from improving my knowledge, such as it is, of Japan, Greece, Russia, and 'the little town of

Aspen in Colorado. For a moment the last mentioned rang a remote bell. Hadn't Goldsmith assured me that Aspen was the 'loveliest village of the plain'? But no, that was sweet Auburn. Of Aspen I knew nothing. Nor, I half suspect, did Nikolaus Pevsner until he found himself summoned thither recently to a conference on industrial design in full view of the Rockies. Professor Pevsner talks—or, to be more accurate, chats—very well. He has a quiet, intimate, humorous style which is always well worth hearing, no matter what he talks about.

My instructor on Japan—the Japan of today—was Father M. C. D'Arcy, who spent some time there earlier this year. What he found there perplexed him, and it seemed to him that the Japanese, too, were perplexed by the strange new world that the war and the U.S.A. have imposed upon them. Father D'Arcy's perplexity arose from the strange mixture of new and old which he found. In their attitude to art, in the formality of the tea ceremony, the Noh Plays, their charming manners, it seemed that much of the teaching of Zen Buddhism still survived; but was this more than the survival of habit? The intrusion of western philosophy has been steadily increasing during the last half-century, and Buddhist philosophy is today neglected. He had the feeling that the Japan of today is living in a spiritual vacuum. An important and engrossing talk.

On Sunday, Laurence Gilliam gave a moving account of his visit to Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Zante, the Ionian islands whose towns and villages have been destroyed by the recent earthquakes. His description of what he found was amplified by recordings by a few English-speaking inhabitants and other eye-witnesses. Only two of the recordings seemed to me to miss fire—the inarticulate talk of the poor old woman and the church service which came through as little more than confused and unidentifiable noise. But these were small blemishes in an impressive and skilfully constructed programme. Mr. Gilliam broadcasts and describes extremely well.

Under the title 'Problems of Communist Language', J. M. Cameron has given two talks. In the first, a fortnight ago, he pointed out that communists and non-communists use words such as 'compromise', 'progress', 'democracy', in different ways, and examined their significance in Bolshevik theory. In the second talk last week he remarked that Soviet pronouncements do not always seem to tally with Bolshevik theory, and suggested that this implies that the present regime is developing interests and intentions different from those of the early days of the U.S.S.R. These were talks that demanded and repaid concentrated attention. But all this was mere globe-trotting. To switch on Sir Edward Appleton's Presidential Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on the theme of 'Science for Its Own Sake', was to be projected headlong into clouds of luminous gas somewhere in the Milky Way. This impressive speech has already appeared in THE LISTENER, but those who failed to hear it missed Sir Edward's admirable delivery.

Down to earth, and English earth at that, I listened to Herman Schrijver's 'Reflections in the Rain'. Mr. Schrijver is a Dutchman who has lived in London for the last quarter-century—time enough to become acclimatised both to us and to our weather while at the same time preserving a detachment which he obligingly put at our disposal last week when he told us exactly what he thinks of us. He finds us, it appears, a source of endless amazement and amusement. And the worst of it is that it is impossible to deny the truth of the reasons he adduces for his view. Now that he has pointed them out, they stare us in the face in all their absurdity. We love to stand idle, watching things; to waste time and not only time, for we have, not stoves

'as ugly as they are efficient', but open fires, and we love to waste time playing with them. And when other people like to sit down and take their ease, we have a passion for standing up. We give cocktail parties where everybody stands, and we stand, all but the decrepit among us, when refreshing ourselves in our pubs. Ridiculous, when you come to think of it! In short, Mr. Schrijver, by simply telling us the truth, soon had us as tickled by our comical goings-on as he is.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Festival Opera

IN THESE LATE SUMMER days when the world at large settles into a pleasant last phase of holiday or post-holiday torpor, the music-lover in this country is allowed no rest. His presence is clamantly summoned by the annual clash of the Edinburgh Festival, the Proms, and the Three Choirs Festival. Resisting these magnetic pulls from the north, south, and west, he can do no better—I am convinced—than sit at home by his radio set. This year the B.B.C. has been especially lavish in taking events from Edinburgh, and rightly so, for the programmes are surely among the most dazzling and enticing that any European festival can offer.

Each of the three Glyndebourne Company's productions at the Festival has been broadcast, and two of them (Stravinsky's 'The Rake's Progress' and Mozart's 'Idomeneo') will have been given twice. 'The Rake', after a somewhat shaky first performance at the Venice Festival two years ago, has now settled down into a real theatrical success, and even from the broadcast one could sense the obvious enjoyment of the audience at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh (pace Mr. John Christie who is reported as having said that he hated every note of it!). My own enjoyment was heightened, first, by having heard Mr. W. H. Auden's brilliantly delivered extempore talk about the writing of the libretto; secondly, by having a vocal score to follow by. I hope other listeners had likewise prepared themselves or at least had acquired the published libretto. For the book is outstandingly worth hearing and, even with the generally good diction which this production provided, the inflections of some of Stravinsky's phrases do not make the text easy to grasp. It was perhaps anxiety on this score which made Richard Lewis, who gave a wonderfully virile performance as Tom Rakewell, rather force his tone. Of Tom's two ladies, one suspects the authors of having more sympathy with the exotic, bearded Baba the Turk than with the good and simple Anne who, Mr. Auden explained, would be a dreadful bore at the dinner table and has to do nothing except sing beautifully. This Miss Elsie Morison did with touching lyricism. If she lacked in the famous Cabaletta a little of the *élan* of its first exponent, Miss Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, her final high C provided no less sure an applause-winner as the curtain dropped on Act 1. The superlative orchestral playing of the R.P.O. under Stravinsky's Californian neighbour, Alfred Wallenstein, was a major contribution to the success of the opera. A weakness, possibly a matter of imperfect balance in the transmission, was evident in the important harpsichord part which sounded faint and not incisive enough.

As a whole 'The Rake's Progress' is a theatrical entertainment carried out with the utmost polish, verve, and expertise. It is not faultless: but from the moment we cut to the brothel scene (the syncopated chorus was excellently done here) and things begin to go ill for Tom Rakewell, they go well for us, with occasional dull or halting patches of music. But how few operas, listened to in cold blood on the radio, are free from dull sections. Certainly not 'La Cenerentola' which contains a good

deal of tonic-and-dominant routine, plus, of course, some of Rossini's most fetching tunes and sparkling comedy numbers. But the opera plot of mistaken identity, with characters masquerading as each other, cannot but fall a bit flat without the visual element. That 'Cenerentola' did not suffer more was due to the spirited performance under Gui.

Rossini also provided a small but striking novelty in one of three broadcasts given by the admirable Virtuosi di Roma ensemble, a Sonata for Strings written when he was twelve. This sounded much more than a mere piece of

juvenilia, though to what extent it was aided by Casella's editing I am in no position to know.

To turn to more earnest fare than any of the foregoing, we had also from Edinburgh the first performance under Sir Adrian Boult of P. Racine Fricker's Viola Concerto, commissioned by William Primrose. Of its first two movements I enjoyed little, the opening Rhapsody leaving me particularly cold: if I were as honest as Mr. Christie I would say that I hated every note. The last and biggest movement was much superior, with a splendid solo part, of which Mr. Primrose took the fullest advantage,

and much impressive if rather angry-sounding music. As a concession to poor fellows like me, the work ended with a fat, loud, and comforting major chord.

I can only briefly note a fine performance by Nancy Evans and Frans Vroons of Mahler's 'Das Lied von der Erde' from the Proms under Basil Cameron. Miss Evans' singing of the final 'Abschied' was of great beauty and understanding.

ALAN FRANK

[Mr. Dyneley Hussey is away and will resume his articles in a month's time]

The Relativity of Failure

By RICHARD GORER

Josef Holbrooke's Clarinet Quintet will be broadcast at 9.45 p.m. on Thursday, September 17 (Home)

ONE of the more curious phenomena in music, and indeed to a lesser extent in the other arts, is that of the composer who wields an immense influence for a certain period, after which it wanes or ceases altogether. The reasons for its inception and cessation cannot be easily assessed. Sometimes it is merely temporary, a matter of fashion only, and has no more significance in the long run than a preference for short skirts to long ones. Sometimes it is nearly impossible to guess at the reason for the work's initial success. Was it more than the composer's reputation that caused the success of Gounod's 'Redemption' or 'Mors et Vita'? Even this facile explanation will not account for the success of the oratorios of Benoit and Perosi or of Cyril Kistler's *Kumhild*. Yet we have only to turn back to contemporary criticisms to appreciate that originally they made a deep impression. The works that I have mentioned appear dead and gone past recall, but there are other works, such as the operas of Meyerbeer and the symphonic poems of Skryabin that can still communicate to us, though their impressiveness is apparently considerably diminished from their original impact.

It is a theory that has been held fondly and for a long time that a work of art is permanently valid. But this theory is not necessarily true. Few people now weep over *Pamela* or *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, few admire the paintings of Guido Reni or the sculptures of Canova; the operas of Cherubini and Spontini have become museum pieces, praised but unperformed. Yet there can be no doubt that in their day all these works illumined the lives of their contemporaries. The argument that the success or failure of a work of art can be measured by its survival value might be countered by the argument that it can equally well be measured by the number of people to whom it gives artistic satisfaction.

Unfortunately the term 'artistic satisfaction' is so vague that it leads us into some strange anomalies. It may be that the 'truth' contained in such a work as Liszt's 'Les Préludes' is of more universal character than that contained in 'Von der Wiege bis zum Grabe', yet on musical and artistic grounds the latter would seem far the better work and its neglect in favour of the former is not easily explicable. But in any case the argument from numbers, whether they are years of survival or audience potential, has something in it that appears fundamentally inartistic. The words 'success' and 'failure', as applied to works of art, have not the same connotation as when applied to a competitive examination or a crossword puzzle. In the long run only the artist himself can know how far he has failed and the fact that he may be on a path that the majority consider wrong is irrelevant to him as

as an artist, however irritating it may be to him as a human being.

If we apply the argument from numbers to the music of Josef Holbrooke, we must count him a 'failure' from the survival standpoint and a 'success' from the standpoint of immediate effect. In the opening years of the century his latest works were awaited with eager impatience; now we do not even know if he is still composing. This is a somewhat disquieting state of affairs, one that cannot easily be paralleled in any other country.

There are, it should be noted, ample reasons for Holbrooke's original successes. He early showed a mastery in employing the resources of a large orchestra, with an ability to create the most delicate and original sonorities, whereas many of his colleagues who had been impressed by the work of Strauss succeeded only in producing a loud and turgid noise. His themes were drawn from poets such as Poe, or from Celtic mythology, and in the nineteen-hundreds a tenebrous melancholy was highly approved.

Nowadays the tide is flowing strongly in the opposite direction. We are suspicious initially of the tone-poem as such, and doubly suspicious of the tone-poem drawn from the gloomier romantics. We still tolerate Debussy's 'Pelléas et Mélisande', but will have no truck with Schönberg's 'Pelléas'. However, gloomy romanticism was not the only note that Holbrooke could strike. The fantasticality and melodic charm of 'Queen Mab' show him in another light from that of such works as 'Ulalume' or 'The Raven'. In the days of their first performances such works, while evidently contemporary in feeling, still remained intelligible. At a time when Debussy was described as 'advanced' and was barely tolerated, when Schönberg was regarded as lunatic and Richard Strauss was the undeniable living genius, Holbrooke, though he could evidently be numbered among the advance-guard of composers, spoke a language that could yet be understood. His melodies were apprehensible, even if not 'catchy', and his orchestration was interesting without being deafening. Yet today Strauss is still played and Holbrooke is not. What is the reason?

To start with, we must realise that the English really have no confidence in their capacity to write music. I am not talking of the few great masters, but of the more numerous composers whose work is worth hearing, while not being of the highest value. If these composers are English they are neglected; we play Vivaldi but not Humphries or Mudge, we play Dittersdorf but not Shield, we play Rachmaninov and ignore Sterndale Bennett. The British composer starts with the initial disadvantage of his nationality.

Arnold Bennett maintained that art was kept

alive by the 'passionate few', though he omitted to add that it is little good being passionate unless you are also articulate. This is probably true about literature and the plastic arts; it is less easy to justify in the case of music. If I want to draw attention to the poetic merits of William Browne or to the artistic merits of Urs Graaf I can write a critical essay and illustrate it with quotations or reproductions. But if, on the other hand, I wish to draw attention to a neglected symphonist, I cannot even reproduce the score, let alone include a gramophone record in my essay. If I am lucky I am allowed a few bars of music type, but the bulk of my essay will be mere assertion with no evidence to back it up.

Again, music, being so ephemeral, is more at the mercy of economic strains than the other arts. It costs several hundreds of pounds to put on an orchestral concert and several thousands to stage an opera. Now if, for example, a publisher is convinced of the merit of a literary work, he can publish it and hope it will make its way; the book is there, solid and purchasable. The conductor, on the other hand, can only cause vibrations in the air of the concert hall. Laudatory criticism may help to sell a book; it will not fill the hall for last night's concert. As a result the concert-giver has to play safe. He may risk a fascinating novelty, but failing that he will rely on the old favourites; he will not adventure in the past. Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony is safe but not his Third. The latest work of Mr. — will bring a certain *réclame*, but this cannot be said of a work by Frank Bridge or Holbrooke, though it is probably equally unknown to the audience and possibly much better music.

No one will deny that such a state of affairs is deplorable, but deploring evils is a singularly ineffective form of self-indulgence. Until some remedy is found we are liable to have the Holbrookes, the Havergal Brians, the Cyril Scotts, on our musical conscience. Of course the question of current taste must not be neglected. Nowadays tone-poems for very large orchestras are regarded as too opulent and Edwardian for the Age of Austerity. The composers of the nineteen-hundreds are, with the partial exception of Elgar and Delius, neglected. How far their eclipse is justified few of the younger generation can say, but it does not form a very glowing testimonial to our musical life.

B.B.C. Symphony Concerts will be given next season in the Royal Festival Hall, beginning on October 14, at approximately fortnightly intervals. Subscription tickets will be available from the Royal Festival Hall, and from agents, from September 12. Booking for single concerts opens on September 19. A prospectus is also available.



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For the Housewife

Choosing Your Joint

By MARGARET RYAN

DURING the years of rationing we have all been used to taking without question any piece of meat the butcher was able to give us. But now that meat is a little more plentiful, younger housewives may like some hints about the different cuts one can ask for.

In all meat, the most tender cuts come from the animal's hind quarters and along the rear of the backbone, including the lower ribs. In mutton, lamb, pork, and veal, but not in beef, the front leg is also a roasting joint. The neck end, the lower parts of the legs and the underneath are only made tender by long, slow cooking. Pork is rather different from other meat; it is so fat that nearly all parts are better roast than stewed. Even here, though, the most tender joints come from the hindquarters, particularly the loin and the upper part of the leg.

If you fix on a point about halfway down the back of any animal used for meat and move towards the tail, you come first to the lower ribs. In an ox, joints from here are called ribs of beef. In mutton, lamb, veal, and pork they are called the best end of the neck, and are often cut between the bones into outlets—the kind that have a long bone and meat on only one side of it. Moving backwards, the next cut in beef is called sirloin. It has meat on both sides of the bone and is generally considered to be the prime roasting beef. In mutton, pork, and veal it is called simply loin, and can be roasted in the piece or cut between the bones into loin chops—

the kind with a short bone and meat on both sides of it. In mutton, the two loins together, one from each side of the animal, are called a saddle. In beef, the two sirloins together are called a baron.

In beef, between the last joint of the backbone and the pelvic girdle—that great platform of bone at the tail end—comes a solid piece of meat which is cut into steaks—rump steak on the outer side, fillet on the undercut side. These are the only steaks which are fit to grill. Fillet steak is the more tender, though rump steak is often better flavoured.

Only ox-tail is used for cooking—braised or made into soup. In lamb, mutton, and pork the whole leg is an excellent roasting joint. In beef, the enormous corner joint called the aitchbone is nowadays generally cut into pieces, and it can be roasted, though it is often tough. Further down, we get round, topside, and silverside—usually regarded as boiling pieces. In cured pig, the hind leg is the ham. In veal, the leg is often cut into pieces, the more fleshy parts being sold as fillet, the joint end as knuckle.

The front leg in pork, mutton, and lamb is called the shoulder. In veal, it is called the oyster. They are all roasting joints. The fore-quarters of beef provide stewing steak only. In mutton, the neck towards the head is called scrag, and you use it for Irish stew. In veal, the neck and the lower part of the front leg are used for stews and pies. The front leg of cured pig

is often sold as ham, though it is more truly called hock. The lower part of the front leg of the ox is called shin, and it is very gristly, though it makes good beef tea.

In all animals the underneath is heavily streaked with fat. In beef it is known as brisket, and it is often rolled and pressed. In pork, it is called spring or belly pork, and in mutton and veal, breast. It can be rolled and stuffed, and makes a good meal.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS (page 407): on the editorial staff of *The Economist*

JOHN H. DUNNING (page 409): lecturer in economics, Southampton University

PATRICK NOWELL-SMITH (page 415): lecturer in philosophy, Oxford University; Fellow of Trinity College

J. D. MABBOTT, C.B.E. (page 415): lecturer in philosophy, Oxford University; Senior Tutor, St. John's College; author of *The State and the Citizen*, etc.

G. P. MALALASEKERA (page 421): President of the World Fellowship of Buddhists and Professor of Pali at Ceylon University

BRYAN ROBERTSON (page 432): director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London

Crossword No. 1,219.

Magic Square.

By Tiber

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, September 17

Row F: Only clubs and spades remain;

Upper number in Debrett;

Outcome of your thrift beget;

Make a man when tailors ring,

In quires and places where birds sing.

Solution of No. 1,217

A magic square is an array of numbers such that the totals of each row, of each column, and of each of the two diagonals, are the same. The given square, when correctly supplied with the numbers 1 to 36, some of which are already in place, is a magic one. Clues are given in batches for each of the rows A, B, C, D, E, F. Each

line of doggerel is a clue to a number. Having solved these, the solver has then to do some gentle juggling in order to put them into their appropriate cells.

CLUES

Row A: 'When Fates turned cruel',

Pavy's age,

Kimberley's degrees now gauge;

Of Atom A1. all but the weight,

And here a perfect number state;

Square root of given hexad's tot;

Row B: Reds when framed go all to pot;

Holes, of course, we drive at now,

Byron's age at final bow;

'There are — reasons why men drink',

Deadly sins—how many? Think;

Row C: Another perfect number nail,

Hurricane on Beaufort Scale;

Buchan's steps reduced by four,

What the last five colours score;

'God so loved —' (the verse please

trace),

Row D: Die, accounting face-to-face;

Valentine was of the number,

Henry Tewett disencumber;

Date in Feb. for billets-doux,

Score in any game for two;

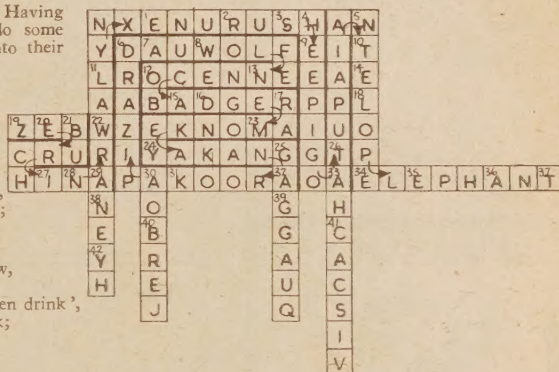
Row E: Score at cribbage? Not a bit!

Half the Books of Holy Writ;

Such a -gon has bags in store,

Apsley House (but not on door);

Men in play at White Hart Lane,



Prizewinners: 1st prize: F. H. Seeley (London, S.E.9.); 2nd prize: H. W. Morton (Hatch End); 3rd prize: R. A. Hall (Chislehurst)

CROSSWORD RULES.—(1) Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. (2) Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps. Each competitor is allowed to submit only one solution, but legitimate alternatives are accepted. (3) Collaborators may send in only a single joint solution. (4) Subject to the above rules the senders of the first three correct solutions opened are awarded a book token of the values specified. (5) In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

A					3				
B	30								
C		17							
D					31				
E				32					
F									8

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